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THE COUNTRY GOD MADE

By Arthur Colton

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Every man walks in two paths at the same time. He is a pilgrim within and without, and as he travels upon the surface of the earth, he travels also where surface and space do not exist and time is insignificant. Not only does he move from place to place, from hour to hour, and from the birth of the body to the death of the body, but also from thought to thought, from mood to mood, and from the beginning of consciousness to the going out of consciousness at a point beyond which he has less information about consciousness than he would like. Of his progress in these two paths, which have their points of contact and spaces of separation, his single pilgrimage in the world wholly consists, his passage *à travers la réalité*.

If it were possible to write travel essays which should not only have this fact for their sub-subject, but that each should be in itself a sort of illustration, or fixed symbol of this fact, it would be a distinct literary form; and that was the end to which these essays were intended. It was intended that the mental as well as the physical progress of each should have a totality of its own, should actually be a movement from a point at the beginning to a point at the end, and some intimate relations to the other journey, although the intention was often frustrate, the result always imperfect. It may be that they represent nothing more than the doctrine, or belief, or favorite thesis, that there is no reason, except difficulty, why a prose writer should not write to forms as distinct and excellent, and to a sense of form as fine, as a verse writer does, or did, when verse was a power which it probably never will be again.

I

AT a little solitary station called Buena Vista, where no fair outlook appeared to keep the name in countenance, I stood with three other men. The old station-master leaned on his cane, one foot swathed in bandages. The long, leathery and ragged joker who stood near him had walked fourteen miles that morning, in search of work, from east beyond Youbet. The red mud of the road was on

him, on his sagging boots and old, brown, flapping overcoat. He had a small chin, a loose mouth, a large nose, the stanch and slovenly back of easy vagabondage, an air of jocular approval of the world, a swinging, sliding walk,—like the plunge and slop of water in a bowl,—and a tendency to splash over into laughter. The third, a thick-shouldered man in black, had come eighteen miles from the south,

and looked forth, weary and respectable, from under lowered eyelids.

It was the month of May. The hail was rattling on the roof of the station-house porch, where we three pilgrims and strangers to each other, with the fourth, whose pilgrimage was nearly over, stood watching the train, two cars and a tender piled with cordwood, come swaying out of a wooded cañon on its venturesome track.

"I'm going to straddle this train," said the joker.

"Got any money?" asked the man in black.

"Four bits," said the joker.

"I ain't got any money," said the man in black uneasily, glancing askance, in a kind of restless embarrassment at being of the Ancient Order of the Penniless.

"Is that the road to Youbet?" I asked, and pointed to the red road slanting up the hillside.

The old station-master nodded, locked the door of the station-house, and climbed aboard sadly with his damaged foot and burden of years.

"Ride on me," said the joker from the platform of the car.

"Four bits won't take us both to Grass Valley," said the man in black.

"Take us till we get throwed off, won't it? Hit mud most anywhere when we do," said the joker, with a loose-mouthed laugh, and disappeared into the car. The man in black followed without speaking. The snoring engine woke up again with a start, and set about its noisy business, along that most beforested and remote of narrow-gauge railways running for a few miles among the foothills of the Californian Sierras. Thousands of fleeting travelers over the Southern Pacific see one end of it at Colfax, and think no more about it. Neither is it important here. The significant thing at the time seemed to be that Grass Valley was in a quartz mining region, that east and south lay the placer country, and that the drift of penniless population argued the placer country not populous. The station-master, with his

sadness and pain, and the two pilgrims, with their new-born comradeship and all its possibilities, went their way forever out of my knowledge.

The passing hailstorm, which recurred at intervals throughout the day, was over now. I crossed the soggy fields and came to the red road on the hillside, thinking of that condition of life and its consolations where mud appears in the comfortable function merely of a soft something to fall upon in case indigence-despising society throws one overboard. The earth cushions herself for the reception of the philosopher, whose philosophy is the abstract of his own nature, and his nature primeval. Circumstances have no lien upon him. If it fell out that this new-born comradeship were thrown from the train on red mud this side of Grass Valley, the man in black would have a sense of discrepancy. An anxious standard would be violated. The mud would stain his clothes and the indignity his spirit. But to the other's loose-jointed disposition the joke would appear to be on the trainmen, those guardians of society's cash nexus. His primeval nature would sprawl easily on the wet bosom of the earth that bred him. What were dignity and indignity to him, ideas far-fetched by builders of their own troubles? He would rise and get him into Grass Valley rejoicing.

There was a friend of all lovers of pleasant rascality, of all dreamers of a country "where the best is like the worst, and there ain't no Ten Commandments,"—whose name was Brer Rabbit. He was thrown into the briar patch by a vengeful property owner—by name Brer Fox. It was Brer Fox's impression that some subtle calamity was involved in the fall. But presently "he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log komin' de pitch outen his ha'r wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he been swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit he holler out, 'Bred en bawn in de briar patch, Brer Fox, bred en bawn in de briar patch!' en



BEAN RIVER

wid dat he skip out ez lively ez a cricket in de embers." This was an immoral sequel, and full of green humanity.

I called him of the brown, bedraggled overcoat "the joker," with reference to that singlar phenomenon in the game of euchre—that alien thrust upon the order and hierarchy, the color and caste, of the pack, who bears the name. Euchre is the social satirist of cards. It sets disguised knaves above kings and queens, and over the heads of even kings and queens hails the victorious jest.

The road ran over the hill and dipped toward the cañon of the Greenhorn River, with long outlooks into the placer country. It seemed to be altogether a forested land, with steep cañons and a welter of innumerable hills. Wherever the lumberman's hand had been, there were acres of wild white lilac, red-budded manzanita, and blue lupin, but mainly it looked as it must have looked to the gold-seekers when

they poured over the Sierras a half century ago. The country of their exploit was something like two hundred miles long and fifty wide. Something like a hundred thousand men entered it in '49 and '50, more than half of them over the Sierras. The numbers remained at something like that figure. Twenty years later the first railway broke over the divide and ended their isolation. The episode, in a sense, was over. Such were its outlines. The nomenclature of the country bears record of their society, its moods and boasts, its crimes and pathos, the spirit of its passing days and the memory of its past—Mount Hope and Humbug Bar, Poverty Hill and Succor Creek, Michigan Bluff, Yankee Jim and Georgia Slide, Cornish House and Spanish Diggings, Last Chance and Eureka Lake, Stab Cañon and Skull Flat. The road to Youbet goes over the Greenhorn River. One seems to be traveling through an allegory. These

and other records bear witness to what the placer country and its inhabitants were like in former days. As to what they were now, I was on the road of discovery.

So far the country was curiously deserted. A few foot-weary travelers passed me. Cabins were here and there, mainly deep in the woods, and their presence betrayed by the paths that branched to them aside, but all were tenantless. There were no inhabitants between Buena Vista and the high-perched village of Youbet, to which I came in the late afternoon. It stood on the peak of a hill, and consisted of something that passed for a store, a lodging-house that passed for a hotel, and

a score of cabins, for the most part empty. On the farther side the hill dropped off in a gravelly precipice. A mile or so away two separate cataracts fell, slender and white, from the edge of a long stone cliff, too far for even a whisper of their thunder to be heard. Between the gravel precipice and the cliff lay a pit, two miles across, and its brim encircled by an astonished forest—a hollow waste of rock and rubble and land and abandoned fragments of hills, a raw wound in the landscape, a horror to the sky, an insult, a blasphemy, a magnificent thing, the record and expression of a power governed to destruction.

There must be latent in us some tenderness for the surface of the earth, if its violation smites one in the face like a blasting wickedness.

A quartz mine is only a tunnel, a few sheds, and a stream stained blue. An hydraulic mine is a tragedy.

A fresh hailstorm was climbing the northern cañons, and I went back to the

lodging-house, to sit over the tiny stove, with its core of fiery tribulation; to watch through the window the slanting white lines of hail in the twilight, driving down the depths of a green cañon; to read in a copy of Irving's "Alhambra" that lay on the window sill, and wonder to whom it belonged; to gather bits of information from a gloomy man, heavy-booted and stiff-mustached, who sat with me, mainly brooding silently over the stove, but now and then dropping a slow remark. The rattle of the hail, the angry bluster of the stove, the slow facts and melancholy inferences from the man of gloom on the subject of the placer miner's ruin by law

and injunction against him, bold Spanish cavaliers, Moorish princesses and the tinkle of fountains in moonlit courts of the Alhambra—all had their part in the motley impression of a dusky hour in a long, rough-boarded room.

The quartz miner, it appeared then, follows his gold down the original lead, like the miner of coal or copper. The placer

miner takes what lies loose in the gravel of hillside or stream, along with other dust, fragment and flake of the earth. Hydraulic mining is placer mining on a large scale, and now the only profitable kind. You wash out by the acre instead of by the panful. A small river with a long drop goes through the six-inch nozzle of a pipe with the force of fifty fire-engines, and gigantically tears down the hills, whose silt by and by sifts into the bed of the Sacramento River, to the obstruction of navigation. Hence the prohibitive law, the empty cabins and silent hamlets, the drifting and penniless population of the highroad, the lurkers in remote foothills



DUTCH FLAT'S CHINATOWN

who still wash down their wild acres of gravel and uprooted forest and defy the law and dislike the stranger, like the moonshiners of Tennessee.

"The miner made this country here," said the man of gloom, leaving long pauses between his sentences, so that the weight of each sentence seemed to settle and coagulate, massive and cold,—*"made"* it: I had been thinking he was unmaking it, wrecking the architecture of ages with

into the dimly lamplit room. Moreover, "Don Munio Sandro de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray, had seventy horsemen as his household troops, stark warriors, hard riders and men of iron." And this Don Munio failing to capture a Moorish prince, one Abadil, together with a damsel about to be his bride, from this resulted many noble courtesies between enemies, and seventy phantom warriors



DUTCH FLAT

his titanic squirtguns. "God Almighty made it for him," he resumed,—a thought of some solidity, and given due time to settle. It did not look like a country ordered to the ends of placid agriculture. "Now they'll arrest him if he spits on the side of a hill,"—a transparent veil of hyperbole thrown over his somber scorn.

And the wind beneath the windows went wailing about in a starless gulf, and drove thin streams of smoke from the little stove

came out of their graves to fulfill the strict letter of their honor.

It was a far cry to the Alhambra. Still the placer miner, like the Moor, seemed to be a race doomed to be driven from the land of his conquest. And the Spaniard, who drove out the Moor, was the first "Argonaut" of America. And for all the gold that passed through his hands, he also is poor in the land that "God Almighty made for him."

I was thinking, in going late the next morning down a ravine called Hawkins Cañon to the Steep Hollow River, that there were some objections to traveling alone. William Hazlitt used to prefer it, and argued for his preference that a companion was like a hedgerow, fencing one side of the way and shutting off half the soul's horizon; unless indeed the companion were some S. T. Coleridge, a prodigal presence, adequate to the open face of the world, who could "go over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or Pindaric ode" by his sounding and flowing talk. Otherwise in the country Hazlitt would rather vegetate by himself. It is a matter of mood, person and season. My last night's man of gloom was very well for the conditions of a smoky store, rattling hail and a wind calling from the bottom of a black cañon, but he would have no encircling horizons to fit withal the brows of the morning, when the valleys were full, from brim to bottom, of glistening air.

I came down to the bridge over the Deep Hollow River. On the bridge stood a man talking to two who were at work knee-deep in the river. The sluice above the bridge and the wooden barriers they were planting below, to turn the current, argued that there was gold in the bed of the river and hope in their hearts. But their mood was none the more for companionship. The voluble little man on the bridge got no answers from the sullen waders.

Whether the objections to traveling alone had come out the weightier from the argument, or because this combat of temperaments seemed interesting, I stopped to lean on the railing beside him. He turned quickly.

"Where you going?"

"To Dutch Flat."

"Same here. Come on."

He was a short, slight, elderly man, light-stepping and agile, with shaggy

gray hair and beard, and bright, roving eyes, and wore a coat too large for him. His name was "Backus." He suggested a cross between Walt Whitman and a gray squirrel. He had spent the night at Youbet in one of the deserted cabins. There was no work to be found in the placer country this spring, he said. The law was down on the mines. People were sitting around, mostly. Slow starvation, he called it. Anybody who liked that could have it. They had a notion something must happen, the gold being in the ground and bound to come out somehow. He was going over the Divide to look for work at the government irrigation outfit. Oh, he had traveled some! He had been in Kansas, Colorado, Texas, Montana, most of the states west of the Mississippi, but never east of it. He was Western wholly, and generally had kept to the mining regions; had traveled this gold country on and off for thirty years. When he should get to be sixty, he meant to settle to some small, steady job that would feed him the rest of his time.

"I ain't sixty yet, not by five years," he cried buoyantly, as one might speak, in the spring of his youth, of the wealth of time in which to follow his hopes piping before him across the hills.

Half a spring morning, then, we traveled together—over the next ridge by the empty hamlet of Little York, down into Bear Cañon, where the bridge had been swept away by floods and one crossed the river by an uncertain plank, and up again, hill piled on hill, steep road and heavy footing in the red mud, toward Dutch Flat. His talk flowed on pleasant as a brook. He never laughed and seldom smiled, but seemed to be running over with a mere sunny and liquid disposition. He glanced about with restless, eager eyes. He slid happily from green reminiscence to fresh intention, and greeted whatever was said to him with a certain exuberant surprise. He was joyous over the mechanism of my camera. It was not till we came

at last to the desolation of the abandoned hydraulic mines surrounding Dutch Flat that he referred to having no breakfast that morning, nor supper the night before, which seemed to him a mistaken arrangement of circumstances, "a job lot of luck," he called it. We shared there the lunch in my pack, the bread, and to each in his turn the one tincup to boil withal his coffee, on the edge of the artificial desert. His conversation turned on speculation and policy. He denounced something which he called "the system." What system? He did not know. The system that kept the poor man hungry. Was there any system to that end? Maybe it was due to the absence of a system for preventing it. Wasn't he suffering from the haphazardness of things? "There, now! You got it!" And yet, didn't he rather like the haphazardness of things? Fact, too! He didn't want that steady job yet a while, as at hotels, or driving a gro-

cery wagon, "which was small wages and pretty dull, but a transient got high wages and a winter in 'Frisco comfortable on his savings." And now and then he got no supper nor breakfast. Sure thing! But now and then he met another man with breakfast in his pack. (You scored there, Mr. Backus.) "People that go into the thing most," I went on to admit, "do seem to find there is such a system. Only they find it's a system of the universe." "That's right." He airily agreed, and ate more than his share of the bread, which seemed to argue, so far as it went, that his fitness to survive was better than mine.

Properly speaking, there was no material of complaint in him, no grudge against God or man. His nature was aquiescent and "sloping to the southern side." His denunciation of a "system" was a polite convention on his side, the small talk of the road, where as a rule it starts conversation along safe lines of



HYDRAULIC MINES AT YOUTET

agreement, and men drop into it conveniently their varied grievances. He offered you the subject in case you might have some to drop in. If you had none, for that matter neither had he. Hunger was a discomfort, but not a grievance, except so far as it might be called "a job lot of luck," and, being over, the debt was canceled. He took no care to be rational or consistent. He was indifferent of conclusions, provided you enjoyed yourself getting there. Fifty-five were his years. He was still in his *Wanderjahre*. Still chance and change were meat and drink to him.

At Dutch Flat we parted, in the shady street, on whose rickety verandas men sat listless and silent. There was no more lunch in my pack, but with respect to a supperless future six hours away I had a loose quarter that might guard against it if he did not object. "Object hell!" There was a whole philosophy in the inflection, or rather the keynote of a human type. Why should he object? So we parted. He was, on the whole, a companion for a half morning on the highway than whom I have met none more inspiring, more cleansing of the dust that settles on the soul with the plodding days. "Theory is gray, but life is green." Green may it be to him till his sixtieth year, the resolved limit and set stint of his long youth, and contentment be his pasture afterward.

I climbed the still climbing hills, and crossed the track of the Southern Pacific Railway where Dutch Flat's Chinatown lay hard below the track, a huddle of gray

roofs, and its inhabitants walked leisurely in the sunlit road, little, fleshless men in loose black jackets and cloth shoes, carrying about with them the moral of an old racial experience. Beyond the track a trail went upward still, through scrub and evergreen, and dipped to a small cañon, and climbed again, and came at length to the crest of a great hill, called Moody Hill, which almost from its crest dropped two thousand headlong feet to the bed of a river. The farther wall of the cañon rose nearly to the same height. It was the cañon of the North Fork of the American River, a famous river in the annals of gold. It seemed at that distance but a slim yellow thread to divide such sliding forests and "mighty opposites." In reality it is a strong, turbid and turbulent stream.

Moody Hill was possibly named after a man and not a mood; still it had looked down on sorrow enough for the purpose.

Doubtless the law was reasonable that had closed the ruthless mines. Nevertheless, my chance acquaintances were exceedingly human, Mr. Backus, the joker, and the man of gloom.

"Theory is gray, but life is green," according to a certain German poet. It seemed more like a turbid and turbulent stream that had bedded itself deep in the green world.

Moody Hill had the better claim to be called "Buena Vista," for its fair outlook over the placer country,—a singular country to walk in from day to day, among its drifting populations and memories of the fiery life that once was lived there.

The second of Mr. Colton's series of travel essays will appear in the August number of THE READER under the title "San Bernardino."

Mlle. GINGER

By OMBRE THAMES



GIVEN a few freckles in the dull redness of her skin, her name might have been Maggie. Without the freckles, the proper noun Sal was the alternative, obviously and inevitably. Seeing her face as it bobbed in profile against the canvas roof of the hippodrome, one further deduced that her family name might be Maguire, Hoolihan, or perchance McFadden. Her hair was sandy red, her eyes blue-green, and through the back of her gown one observed the tops of her corsets, as though her shoulder-blades were upside down.

On the bill-boards, where in wayside places were cast lithographic shadows of coming events, she was featured as Mlle. Zingarella, Equestrienne. And as rehearsed, the ringmaster would announce that it was:

POSITIVELY her *first* appearance in any *Ring THIS* side of the *Atlantic*.—

An assertion on the ringmaster's part which would be quaintly veracious, even without specification as to the sides of the Atlantic.

Mademoiselle had not long been attached to the circus train as a performer, and her appearances under canvas, in connection with the World's Show and Giant Hippodrome, had thus far been non-professional and confined to that semi-private period elapsing between the afternoon and evening performances. However, Mademoiselle, having made several trials on a quiet old-dappled gray, now hoped that she might do well enough in the ring, and

was looking forward to her first public appearance—in a riding habit loaned by the manager's wife.

The circus had played at Haverhill the day before. And having come up the river bank during the night it was to encamp on the Dawnsbrink cricket-grounds for a repetition of the usual two performances.

Passing in the dead of night along the country roads, with a mighty rumble of heavy wheels and a prodigious glow of smoky torches, the procession suggested the burial of plague victims, or the rolling death tumbrels of the great revolution. Later, in the twilight of the early morning, when the gray radiance of the misty sky dripped down upon the painted chariots and gilded cars, when the voices of weary folk were raised in husky curses, when some alien beast, scenting the moist wilderness of the woods, screamed in the anguish of its captivity—later, one remembered the return of an ancient army, triumphant and heavy-laden with the spoils of barbaric kings. When the risen sun shone upon the chapel spire above the hill, then the circus folk were like only the beggars of Mother Goose, some in rags and some in tags, and as weary and gray with dust as the canvas of the great tent or the heavy-footed elephants that marched in the rear.

The place of Mlle. Zingarella McFadden in this caravan was also to the rear, where her aunt exercised a temporal sovereignty over the troop pots and kettles. Mademoiselle's aunt was in the miracle business and contracted day by day to feed the multitude, with a few small beans

on high seas of gravy, and with beakers from auxiliary pools of stygian coffee. Mademoiselle herself was ambitious. She had left the culinary shadow of her chaperon's wings to trudge behind the bandwagon in the army's van. This morning in the parade, as Mademoiselle said to herself, half-asleep, she was to make her first appearance this side of—

High in the gilded stern of the bandwagon rode Signor Gaspardi, the aerial artist, whose nationality also was Celtic. The Signor's honest brogue came brawny from a depth of lung like that of the sky, and the width between his shoulders was as the width of the good earth—so thought Mademoiselle—and his head would lie as heavy on one's heart as a great weight of gold. With the addition of some rouge and a rub of No. 3 grease paint just before leaving the dressing-tent the Signor's skin was that of an angel. And he wore pale pink tights, rose-tissues the most silken that ever sheathed muscles of fragrant steel, and glittering trunks of woven silver and sandals of snowy kid that might fitly have trodden the crimson carpets of heaven—so thought Mademoiselle. In fact she thought many things about the Signor, and none of them unpleasant things.

What things the Signor thought unfortunately had entirely to do with another than Mlle. Zingarella—with one Rosina, queen of the slack wire. Her majesty also rode in the great car of melody, on the rear seat close beside Signor Gaspardi. The Signor had hurt his collar-bone the day before; indeed he was not sure that he had not "busted" it, he said. He found it a great relief to put his arm along the back of the queen's seat and to rest his head on her majesty's shoulder. Perhaps he snored a little, or groaned when the car swayed over a rut. Poor, heavy-headed laddie, thought Rosina. Her majesty did not doze. She sat bravely upright, with her feet on the big bass drum her heart leaping high and higher on the

slackness of her thoughts, just as her majesty soared on the silver wire. Her majesty was pretty, and (for a circus lady) young, and the dawn's carmine glow upon her cheeks was quite as brilliant as could be gotten anywhere for two shillings the box.

Mademoiselle, trudging lowly in the dust, might have seen the gleam of the Signor's blond mane and his encircling arm, had she chosen to raise her eyes above the golden bar of the bandwagon. But she did not. Mlle. Zingarella Hoolihan was vindictively pondering how, when, and where she might, with most disastrous result, sever her majesty's corset strings. Also she was wondering whether she herself, by any possible means short of a donkey-engine, could be gotten into the riding-habit of Madame Jones, the manager's wife.

The very biggest circuses do not come to Dawnsbrink, but it must not be supposed that this was a ten-cent show. The price of general admission was twenty-five cents, with reserved seats one quarter more, and a further charge of ten cents, two nickels, or one dime for the concert after the main show. There were two rings in the big tent with a stage between them. There were two bands, under contract never to play the same tune at the same time, and a steam calliope whose notes at frequent intervals during the day woke all the echoes between Prospect Hill and the West parish. In the menagerie, moreover, were elephants, three of them, very melancholy looking and small to be sure, but which would probably grow. Indeed, perhaps this was what the manager was waiting for, suggested Tenny Lynne that evening when the beginning of the performance was thirty minutes overdue. Of the riding-habit of Mme. Jones, as of the corset-strings pertaining to Rosina, queen of the slack wire—of unrequited love and sacrifice propitiatory, of vengeance moving in mysterious ways, Tenny was happily oblivious.

Many fellows had cut recitations to see the parade and to attend the matinée performance, but socially, the event of the day came after sunset. Then on the circus grounds were to be seen townspeople, mucker and patrician, members of the faculty, theologues, and academicians *en masse*.

The fellows laid in vast supplies of popcorn and peanuts, tested the elephants with the conventional plug of tobacco, visited all the side-shows and the menagerie, and finally, when they were about to take up a collection for the purpose of getting the Bearded Lady a shave, the performance began.

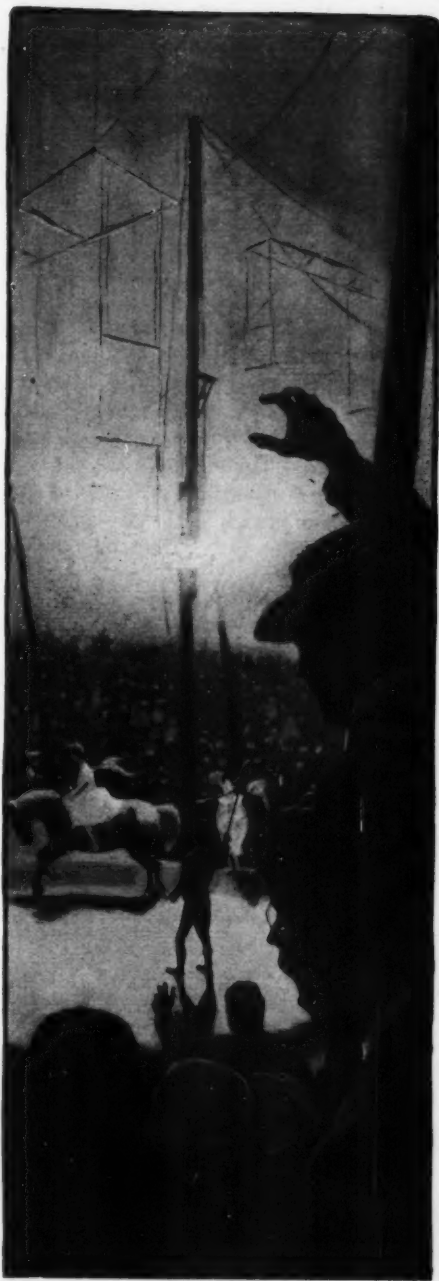
There is a pyrotechnical outburst of melody from the two bands and Rosina enters upon the sawdust, wearing the colors of the senior class. Wild cheers and fervent encores reward her majesty of the wire. Next appears a deluded lady-contortionist in the crimson of a rival academy. Her gold-filled smile and venerable collar-bones do not save her from obloquy and scorn. She retires ignominiously pelted with popcorn. At length there is a startling discharge of small-arms from the band-stand, a crack of the ringmaster's whip, and in the entrance from the dressing-tent appears Mlle. Zingarella.

"Milly Zingarella—The Equestrienny," portentously declaims the gentleman in evening clothes. "Milly Zingarella—Petite, Pert and Peerless—The little Zingarella!"

She wears the riding-habit of Mme. Jones, and from between her shoulder-blades flutters a veil of the collegiate blue. Her face is flushed a dull even red from her collar to the fringe of her sandy hair. She clings to the horn of the saddle, and the glare of her pale eyes is fixed between the horse's ears. The band quickens its tempo and the horse falls into the leaning canter of the ring.

"Hi! Ginger!" shrieks a small boy from the level of the canvas eaves.

"Vive la Ginger Ale!"



"THREE TIMES THREE FOR MILF. GINGER"

"Three times three for Mlle. Ginger!" A leader leaps down before his fellows. Never touchdown received from mad-dened bleacher a more throat-splitting cheer.

"Again!" Again the thunder of leather lungs and brazen throats bellies the canvas sky.

Then in the midst of the third cheer a pause begins to spread like oil over the surging voices. The band wavers, and in a final squall of the wind-instruments the tune goes overboard. In a turmoil of chords and discords the other instruments lap indecisively about its slump.

Seeing the saddle slowly turning and the woman making no effort to save herself, the crowd had supposed it a part of the feat; even when the woman's head and shoulders had struck against the ground, thrice rebounding, they had been undecided.

The beating hoofs had crushed her breast before the girths broke and she was flung still and torn against the circling mound of fresh earth. A clown caught the frightened horse and the crowd began to flood down through the ropes. Several of the ring-hands raised the limp form and bore it out into the dressing-tent. Then the ringmaster nervously cracked his whip and announced the donkey race.

Tenny and St. John Bayard, by reason of their nearness to the exit, had managed to accompany one of the physicians whom the accident had called out of the crowd. Mlle. Ginger lay on a roll of canvas in one corner of the tent, covered with a horse-blanket. Near her were some women, changing their costumes and whispering about the accident. Signor Gaspardi, attired for his act, was holding the girl's hands and her head rested on his knees. Mademoiselle's aunt, with lamentations, was alternately assailing the manager and polishing a saucepan on the hem of her skirt.

"By the Lord, woman!" whispered the manager, "I'd rather it had been the big-

gest elephant than her! I always liked Sal—a bit rough she may 'a' been, but honest and—never done no one dirty!"

Outside they were beginning to pull up the stakes of the big tent. There was a scent of animals. From beyond the curtain came a murmur of the crowd, the echo of hoary circus-jokes, the clash of the bands, and in a pause the cry of a lemonade vender:

"Only five cents—red and white, a cheap drink, a long drink, a cold drink, a deep drink,—*only* five cents!"

Mlle. Ginger stirred uneasily on the Signor's knees. She opened her eyes and seemed to listen for the ringmaster's voice.

"Your call," she gasped, raising her eyes to his face. "You fool—hitch—get a move!" She turned her head and kissed the silken fleshings of the Signor's knee, then watched him disappear into the glare of the arena. Through the opening she could see his white sandals, left on the crimson carpet, and putting forth her hand could almost feel the canvas vibrate with the swinging trapeze.

Rosina, costumed for the concert, came from the opposite corner of the tent. She had been crying and the powder drifted beneath her brows scarcely served to conceal the redness of her eyes. She wore to match her gown a handful of wilted carnations, which the Signor had given her that morning. She took the flowers from her belt and laid them gently on the blanket at Mademoiselle's feet.

"I—am—very sorry!" she said. Her Majesty was pretty and her voice unlike a circus lady's. And she understood both the use and abuse of rouge.

Mlle. Ginger kicked the flowers over into the mud beneath the horses' feet. Then she closed her eyes and waited—waited—waited.

Tenny and St. John, climbing the hill after the performance was over and the tents down, passed a priest on his way to the side of the injured girl.

"She might get well," said St. John, hopefully.

"She won't," said Tenny.

"She might—and start a little store or something, and all the fellows would buy soda-water and rabbits and hot-dogs."

"She won't."

"She might—and perhaps the fellow in the pink tights might come back and marry her," persisted St. John, day-dreaming with the startled solicitude of an elephant crossing an unaccustomed bridge.

"He won't," answered Tenny gloomily.

"He's going to marry that slack-wire woman. Saw him kissing her behind the band-stand."

"You see," he went on, surveying the rising moon with disapproval; "the Fates are grown sour with the fullness of their years—they are cynical! Almost any one if he were young enough could run the universe better than it is being run. Of course, we have steam heat and electric light, and liquid air, submarine boats, automobiles and airships, and as many forms of enlightenment as there are taps on a soda-fountain, but we are made to live squalid lives and to die tawdry deaths—just as usual—and the music of the spheres is ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye!"

"That poor girl of the circus—she might at least have died under the canvas, with her head on the athlete's knee, with

the scent of the sawdust in her nostrils and of the turned sod and the sweating horses, hearing the rattle of the band. But she didn't. She will die early tomorrow, in some miserable little lodging down by the tracks—alone—with a woolly-headed old woman—in the gray dawn. And there will be a smell of frying!"

Very early, before it was yet light, Tenny was awakened by a heavy rumble of many wheels. The tent-wagons, with a long cavalcade of cages and chariots, were passing up Main Street on the way to Reading. He watched them, lying on the window-seat in his study. He saw the gleam of the tarnished gildings and the glare of the moon in savage eyes. Aloft, in the smoky glow of the wild torches, sat a man and a woman. She was asleep, with her feet on the big drum. Her head rested on his breast and his arms were about her. A little wind blew cool from beyond the dawn's brink, and the Signor was watching lest it bring rain and wet her majesty's beautiful face.

Long after the last painted car had swayed over the edge of the hill and into the plain beyond, Tenny heard the cry of a wild beast, distant, shrill, unholy.

"That came very opportunely," said Tenny, blowing a cloud of smoke across the face of the moon.

"She must be dying now—poor Made-moiselle Ginger!"



SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND WAITED, WAITED, WAITED

AMERICANS AND BRITISH

A PATRIOTIC CONSIDERATION OF INTERNATIONAL CONTRASTS

By Brander Matthews

MANY of those who take an interest in observing social complexities must have noticed a curious opposition of the opinions held by the French and by the British about the people of the United States. Reasoning from certain obvious facts the French come to one conclusion, and reasoning from other facts equally obvious the British have arrived at an opinion almost diametrically opposite. The French, recalling the Spanish settlements in the South and their own exploration of the Mississippi Valley in the eighteenth century, and observing the immense immigration from Germany and from Scandinavia in the nineteenth, are inclined to think of the United States as populated by a chance conglomeration of unrelated human beings, with no unity of tradition and with no common core of ideals. The British, on the other hand, knowing that the beginnings of the United States are to be found partly in New England and partly in Virginia, and seeing that we speak the English language and have transplanted the common law of England, are unable to conceive of us as anything but English.

The theory of the French seems to be shared by most of the other Latin nations, as we had occasion to discover at the outbreak of our brief little war with Spain. Apparently the Latins, all of them, Italians as well as French and Spanish, looked upon the inhabitants of the United States as a motley horde of mongrels with no pride of nationality and with no coherent interests; and they held, therefore, that we were likely to be defeated easily by the pure-blooded population of the Iberian peninsula. Of course, the educated men of the Latin races would have had to ad-

mit—if the question had been forced on their attention—that the Spanish were not really a pure-blooded stock; and if they were pushed to the wall the further confession might have been wrung from them that there are now no nationalities having a right to pride themselves on purity of descent, the Spanish perhaps the least of all, since their land had been held in turn by the Celts and by the Romans, by the Goths and the Vandals, and lastly by the Arab invaders from Africa. What is more, the educated men of the Latin countries ought to have been aware that inbreeding is debilitating to a nation and that there is reinvigoration and new life in the commingling of varied human stocks.

The theory held by the British is exactly the opposite of that held by the French. It is exemplified in the essay written about us by Matthew Arnold before he paid his first visit to this country. His assumption was that the Americans were at bottom expatriated Englishmen, modified only a little by the passage across the Atlantic. The great British critic had often declared that the inhabitants of Great Britain could be sharply distinguished into an upper class, a middle class, and a lower class; and he seems to have assumed that as we had no upper class and no lower class, the American people were therefore the counterparts of the British middle class, no more and no less. The extent of Matthew Arnold's blunder in regard to us, as a result of his initial assumption of this identity between the British and the Americans, can be gauged best by recalling his own characterization of the several classes in England,—“an aristocracy materialized and null, a mid-

dle class purblind and hideous, a lower class crude and brutal." In his later writings there is some evidence that the British critic began at least to suspect the falsity of his assumption. But it is a fallacy which lurks in the opinions of nearly all British critics who have occasion to talk about us and which often endures even after they have paid us the obligatory visit. As Mr. Howells put it with his customary pithiness, the English fail to understand us chiefly "because they can never understand that we are not still a sort of Englishmen-in-error, who would willingly be set right if we could without too great publicity."

Perhaps it is because the British have ever accepted us as closely akin to themselves that they have been free with the searching reproofs which are not uncommon in the strict privacy of the family circle. Even when their intentions are most kindly, they permit us to perceive that they suppose us to be sorry for our separation. Even when they are broad-minded enough to see that we were right in 1776, and that their own rulers were wrong, even when they are acute enough to feel that we were then really fighting the battle of liberalism and merely making possible more swiftly the full freedom they themselves now enjoy, even when they have attained to this wisdom, they are inclined nevertheless to deplore the separation itself. It is very hard indeed for them to understand that the independence of the United States seems to us the beginning of a new era, and that we simply can not conceive of ourselves as still subjects of a king, even if we know that a constitutional monarchy, such as exists in Great Britain, conserves to the individual almost as much of the essence of liberty as our own democratic Republic.

They would be surprised to discover that some of us, revering Washington as the Father of his Country, are ready also with a grateful regard for George III, as a sort of stepfather of the United States, —since we might not have been stirred to

independence if that able monarch had not been as arbitrary as he was and as obstinate. They are therefore capable, in all kindness, of suggesting a reunion of the United States with the British Empire, such as Lord Rosebery proposed as a consummation to be striven for in the future. And here at once we catch a glimpse of the gulf that yawns between a British subject and an American citizen. It was with the utmost good will toward America that the former British prime minister was moved to make this suggestion, never suspecting that to an American what he proposed was simply unthinkable. However cordial toward the British the feelings of an American may be, he never regrets the Revolution, and he never wishes to undo its results. Not only does he never desire to turn back the clock of Time, but the possibility of such a step is not present in his mind. He would reject it instantly if it happened to occur to him;—but then this never does happen. He would refuse to take the proposal seriously, if any well-meaning Englishman should insist on discussing it. He feels instinctively that there was no price too high to pay for certain of the results of the American Revolution. He would accept, as a matter of course, the statement made by Mr. Howells after Lord Rosebery had looked forward to a possible political reunion of the two nations that speak English. "Simply to have thrown down and cast out their fetish of personal loyalty, denied their grotesque idolatry of sovereign-worship, not to mention getting rid of a titled aristocracy and a state church, is worth all that our seven years' struggle for independence cost us."

Here indeed is the real line of cleavage between the two great empires that possess the English language as a birthright. The presence of a personal sovereign is the outward and visible sign that caste is still supreme in the British empire. The external abuses of the feudal system have been abolished in Great Britain, one by

one, until those that still linger are almost harmless; but the inner spirit survives to this late day, and even now its manifestations are abundant in almost every part of the social structure of the British Isles. There is still alive the fiction that the King rules, and that the army of the empire is his Majesty's army. There is still a willing acceptance of a titled aristocracy, and also of an upper house the vast majority of whose members sit there by the right of birth only, without regard to their individual merits. No doubt the British people could change these things speedily and without violence if they really desired to get rid of this inheritance from feudalism. But they have not got rid of it, and this is evidence enough that they do not wish to do so. The British see no reason to abolish a state of affairs which the American people look at with amazed wonder as a survival of the Dark Ages. A native American finds it wholly impossible to understand the mental attitude of a certain man of letters in London, who justified his ingrained Toryism by the assertion that he simply would not be ruled by his equals.

The Americans care less for the opinion of foreigners about us than we did before the Civil War revealed to us our own strength. We know that the French view that we are only a motley horde of the sweepings of Europe is absurd. We see also that the British assumption in regard to us, that we are only "Englishmen-in-error," when once we have come to understand it, is equally absurd. And yet the British are our "kin across the sea," and "blood is thicker than water," and we are also "the subjects of King Shakespeare," and we have the same language for our mother-tongue. In politics, in public morals and in private morals, in our attitude toward the most of the pressing questions of the day, we are far more closely related to the British than we are either to the French or to the Germans, however much we may have profited by the labors of the leading minds of France

and of Germany. Yet we have cast out the last vestiges of the feudal system of which the British are still preserving at least the empty shell; and we have absorbed not only millions of men from continental Europe, but also many of the ideas of continental Europe which have not appealed to the British. In most matters of the highest importance we are very like the British; but in some matters of high importance we are very unlike them.

Perhaps we may be aided in the attempt to distinguish between the British and the Americans if we begin by an attempt to set forth the more salient differences between the French people and the two peoples that speak English. The most obvious distinction is that the people that speak French, having inherited from the Celts a hatred of hypocrisy, are inclined to boast of their vices, whereas the people that speak English are wont to boast of their virtues,—and often with as little warrant. Then, furthermore, the French are a logical race, intelligent, orderly in their mental processes, clear-minded and thoroughgoing; they are inclined to be radicals in the application of any theory which has captivated their intellect. The British and the Americans are less intelligent, and less logical; they are rarely radical or merely theoretical; they are prone to be practical, to be opportunists. The language which the French speak, which they have made what it is and which represents and reveals their characteristics, is clear, sharp, precise, exact; and as a result it is unpoetic and hostile to all vague suggestion or mysticism. On the other hand, the English language is large, loose, free, energetic, vigorous, like the two peoples whose mother-tongue it is. French is seen at its best in prose, whereas English is supreme in poetry. English tragedy is on the whole far superior to English comedy, whereas French comedy is on the whole far superior to French tragedy. There is obvious significance in the fact that the greatest name in the history of French

dramatic literature is that of Molière, the melancholy man who is the master of comedy, while the greatest name in the history of English dramatic literature is that of Shakespeare, a humorist also, it is true, but above all others the master of tragedy.

Moreover, the chief characteristic of the two peoples that speak English is individuality, whereas the French are governed by the social instinct. The individual Frenchman is likely to lack initiative; he does not expect to think for himself or to act for himself; he looks to tradition or to the social organism to tell him what to do. The individual Anglo-Saxon has a superabundance of initiative; he is like the Smith in Scott's story, he fights for his own hand. In French society the unit is the family; and in Great Britain and the United States it is the individual. An Englishman or an American marries to please himself; but a Frenchman, even if he strives to please himself in his marriage, seeks also not to displease his parents and his relatives. In England and in America a wedding unites two individuals; in France it unites two families. Among the peoples that speak English it is almost impossible to conceive of a strong man acting on the motive which governed the Duke of Saint Simon in the days of Louis XIV when he declined to wed an orphan, because he did not wish to do without the social support of a father-in-law.

While the social instinct which governs the French absolutely is far less potent among the English-speaking peoples, its workings are more in evidence in the United States than in Great Britain. For one example only, the Englishman likes to build about his suburban acre a brick wall topped with broken glass, whereas the American often does not even put a wire fence or a low hedge about his home, but lets it run into his neighbor's indistinguishably. Among the British we find individualism running over into eccentricity often. It was one of the shrewdest British observers, Walter Bagehot, who asked whether the inhabitants of the

United Kingdom were not "above all other nations divided from the rest of the world, insular both in situation and in mind?" It was a German philosopher, Novalis, who declared a century earlier that "every Englishman is an island." No doubt this insularity has its advantages; it leads to an undoubting pride and to an imperturbability of temper, that may be sources of strength to a nation, stiffening its self-reliance. But the disadvantages are indisputable also; and we Americans need not regret that we are less insular than our kin across the sea. We seem to be a little more hospitable to ideas from other countries; we are apparently more responsive to the social appeal; we are a little more sympathetic and perhaps a little less self-sufficient. Even if we are to the full as conceited, we are somewhat more willing to learn from others.

The ingenious French philosopher, M. Le Bon, commenting on the motto of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," declared that the real difference between the French and the British lay in the fact that the French were enamored of Equality and cared little for Liberty, while the British insisted on Liberty and never gave a thought to Equality. And when I once quoted this to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, he instantly added his own comment to the effect that what the American really preferred was Fraternity;—"He is a good fellow himself, and he expects you to be one." This spontaneous suggestion seems to be a recognition that friendliness, a regard for one's fellow creatures,—the social instinct, in short,—may be more often looked for among us Americans than among our British cousins.

The liking for liberty, the excessive individuality, the habit of fighting for his own hand, all tend to develop in the British a certain hardness that occasionally is not easily to be distinguished from brutality. Two centuries ago the "Plain-dealer of Wycherley" was a popular play, and its hero was greatly relished by Brit-

ish audiences; and *Manly* is frankly brutal in word and deed. The same desire to give pain is visible in the long history of British literary criticism, from Gosson's "School of Abuse" to Pope's "Dunciad," and from the quarterly reviewers of a century ago to the violent vulgarity of the *Saturday Review* to-day.

In this, as in not a few other aspects, Doctor Johnson is typical of the least pleasant qualities of his race; he was a broad-shouldered brute, arrogant and offensive and ever ready to trample on anybody who was weaker than himself. It is characteristic of him that he was proud of the letter he wrote to his friend and benefactress, Mrs. Thrale, on her second marriage,—a letter absolutely indefensible, ungrateful and ungentelemanly, coarse and rough and above all carefully phrased to convey the utmost of insult to a woman from whom he had received only kindness. Contrast Johnson with Franklin, his urbane American contemporary, who is quite as typically a man of the eighteenth century. Or in the nineteenth century again contrast the scolding Carlyle with the gentle Emerson. Carlyle is a burly bully, a peasant with genius, malignantly envious of all the rival authors of his time and ever ready to pour out his scorn on his betters. Emerson is a gentleman, low-voiced, courteous and kindly, and yet stalwart in his sturdy manliness.

The French proverb tells us that every man has the qualities of his faults and the faults of his qualities; and what is true of the individual is no less true of the race. In other words the fault is often only the excess of the quality; and it is impossible to deny that there are certain compensating advantages to be found in this least agreeable characteristic of the British. It seems to be responsible in part for their steady insistence on their rights, and for their refusal to be overridden. Their devotion to liberty and their excessive individualism have made them a nation of "kickers," far swifter to denounce abuses

than the more sympathetic and more tolerant Americans.

The chronic kicker is not a pleasant personality; but he performs a most useful function; he is the watch-dog of liberty, the price of which is eternal vigilance. The kindness and the social feeling of the Americans tend to make them shrink from protest against trifling abuses and unimportant infringements of public rights. The individuality of the British, on the other hand, their bull-headed harshness, tend to make an act of protest congenial to them. Before a petty infraction of right the long-suffering Americans are inclined to submit with a laugh, admitting that the joke is on them, whereas the British fail to see the joke and rise up in their wrath. They refuse to pay an overcharge; and if they are compelled by circumstances, they appeal the case,—or they write to the *Times*. And when enough letters have been written to the *Times*, public opinion is roused at last; and then the matter is quickly settled. If the hotels of Europe are now cleaner than they were half a century ago, with larger towels and wash-basins, with better sanitary conveniences, our thanks are due to two generations of travelers from the British Isles who were unceasing in complaint whenever they failed to find what they wanted and when they did find what they did not want.

So far, we have seen that the Americans differ from the British, first and foremost in that we have ever been free from feudalism which still keeps alive in the British Isles the caste system and the pervading snobbishness that necessarily accompanies it; and, second, that our individualism is more restrained than theirs by the social instinct. Perhaps this last difference is due in part at least to the commingling here of many other stocks than the Anglo-Saxon, even if the Anglo-Saxon stock still supplies the social framework. As Walt Whitman wrote on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary

of the founding of the city of Santa Fe—older than any of the towns first settled by the English—we have been inclined “tacitly to abandon ourselves to the notion that our United States have been fashioned from the British Isles only, and essentially form a second England only;” and the poet added that “many leading traits of our future national personality, and some of the best ones, will certainly prove to have originated from other than British stock.” It is not without significance that the most distinguished of American painters and the most prominent of American sculptors are both of them of French descent, La Farge and Saint Gaudens, and that perhaps the most popular of American composers is of Portuguese descent, Sousa.

If we Americans were of a purely British stock, we should not be what we are—at least, if we may judge by the record of the Australians, who are of a purely British stock, and who have accomplished nothing as yet in literature or in art or in science. The Australians are now more in number than we were when we separated ourselves from Great Britain; and yet they have not produced a single man of eminence. Indeed, it may be doubted whether one American can mention the name of a single native Australian or has ever read a single volume by a native Australian author. The Australians seem to afford an extreme example of the disadvantages of inbreeding, whereas we Americans reveal the advantages of a commingling of stocks, which has quickened our sluggish British blood.

We have not only been swift to assimilate the foreigner himself, we have also been receptive to foreign ideas. In his “Remarks on a National Literature,” published four score years ago, Channing urged Americans to study French and German to get out of narrowly British influence. It is well to remember that the Transcontinental movement had its origin, not in Great Britain but in Germany, and

that the later American novelists, especially Mr. Howells and Mr. James, sought their models, not in Great Britain, but in France or in Russia. More or less complete translations of Balzac, of Turgenieff, and of Tolstoi were undertaken in the United States long before a like effort was made in the British Isles. American painters (even though they may sometimes settle in London to sell their pictures) are likely to go to Paris to learn the technic of their craft; and if architecture is to-day a living art in the United States with a host of ardent practitioners grappling with its new problems as best they can, one reason may be found in the training and in the stimulus which returning students have brought back from Paris. And as the American goes to France for instruction in art, so he goes to Germany for training in science. It is not at Oxford or at Cambridge that the graduates of our American colleges matriculate, when they wish to pursue their studies further, but at Berlin and at the other German universities. If a number of American students are now at Oxford on Rhodes scholarships this is simply because they have been paid to go there; and the result of their studying there is still highly problematic.

Perhaps it is to be credited to the influence of Paris and perhaps to the influence of Berlin,—although it may be due to freedom from caste and to a relaxing of insularity,—but whatever the cause there is a wide difference between the attitude of the American public toward art and science and the attitude of the British public. Here is where Matthew Arnold’s mistake is most obvious and here is where the gulf is widest between the American people and the British middle class. We have defects of our own, but they are not the special defects of the British middle class. Of course, a Philistine is a Philistine the world over; he sets up the gates of Gath wherever he goes, and he worships Baal no less in the new world

than in the old. But none the less is the American Philistine quite unlike the British Philistine whom Arnold detested and denounced. The American Philistine may not see the light any more clearly than his British cousins; but he is willing enough to accept it when it is revealed to him. He may be ignorant but he is not hostile. Now, if we can believe Arnold himself, the British Philistine is forever sinning against light, shutting his eyes to it and despising it.

As an evidence of this difference, take the consideration paid to education in Great Britain and in the United States. Here the whole public is interested in education, and believes in it, and is willing to be taxed for it. There the public seems to be profoundly uninterested, except in so far as education intertwines itself with sectarian strife and becomes an issue in partizan politics.

The one note which recurs again and again in the reports of the Mosely Educational Commission was that of surprise at the esteem in which education was held in America; and in private conversation the members of that commission often declared that nothing of the sort could be said about England. In Great Britain there is scarcely even now anything that can properly be called an educational system; and practical men seem to care little for thoroughness of training.

A friend of mine in London told me two or three years ago that his son was to be an engineer, going straight from Eton into the works of a firm of world-wide reputation. I asked if the lad was not to study at all in any technical school; and the father answered that the managers of the works preferred to take him untaught and break him in themselves. This hostility of practical men toward scientific preparation is significant; it seems to imply either a narrowness of outlook on the part of the managers of the works or else obvious deficiencies on the part of the technological schools of Great Britain. Here in the United States the entire grad-

uating class of a technological school is often engaged in advance by a single company. The British seem to exalt the practical far above the theoretical, and even to feel a certain contempt for the latter. We Americans strive to unite the two as best we can, knowing by experience that the man of scientific education can always sooner or later pick up for himself the practice of the shop, whereas the man with only a shop-training will be heavily handicapped when he may later seek to attain to the higher levels of his profession. We can not refrain from wondering sometimes if the British practicality and dislike of logic is not carried a little too far, and if they are not inclined to think the acceptance of theory too high a price to pay for efficiency.

A score of years ago Colonel Higginson suggested that the American had "an added drop more of nervous fluid" than an Englishman; and Matthew Arnold picked out the saying as an unfortunate instance of American boastfulness. Thereupon Colonel Higginson promptly retorted that it was not a boast at all, but a plain statement of a fact, which might be either fortunate or unfortunate, as the future should determine. It is easy to conceive of circumstances in which the possession of an added drop of nervous fluid might be a serious disadvantage. It is, of course, easier still to see that it is more likely to be an advantage. But no one competent to express an opinion will contradict Colonel Higginson's assertion and deny that the American has "an added drop more of nervous fluid" than the Englishman, whether this is likely to prove a bane or a boon. That keen student of social characteristics, Walter Bagehot, would have insisted unhesitatingly that it was a bane, for he always maintained that the successful working of the British constitution, with its legal fictions and its hollow shams of all sorts, was possible only because the British people as a whole was slow and stolid.

To our possession of the added drop

Colonel Higginson ascribed our "specific levity," the lightness of touch to be noted in our literature. He pointed out that even in literary criticism the British seemed to consider boxing as the only manly art and to scorn the more adroit methods of the fencer. "It is a curious fact," so he declared, "that as the best American manners incline to the French, and not the English model, so the tendency of American literary style is to the finer methods, quicker repartees, and more delicate turns" of the Parisian masters of fence. If this may be admitted, the cause is to be sought not only in conscious acceptance of French standards in these matters, but also in the American avoidance of British harshness that may readily degenerate into brutality, in the relaxing of insularity and in the readier response to the social instinct. Here again the examples that recur to the mind at once are Carlyle and Emerson, the one growling and destructive, the other courteous and stimulating. Perhaps this superior refinement, most unexpected in a country of pioneers, is the result of the "added drop of nervous fluid"; and perhaps like that drop, it may be a possession for which we shall have to pay sooner or later.

The "specific levity," which the American often has and which his British cousin is far less likely to have, assumes various disguises. It masquerades as the "American joke," which the foreigner fails to take. It underlies the American sense of humor, which is so portentous and so baffling to the foreigner. It is an element in the good humor which accounts for the tolerance and the sympathy that observant travelers from Europe are swift to perceive. It sustains that omnipresent optimism which is one of the recognized characteristics of the American—and which is almost wholly lacking in our kin across the sea. It may even be accountable in some measure for the friendliness of our social intercourse and for our casual confidence in our fellowman.

Although undue introspection may be as unwholesome for a nation as it is for an individual, yet it is well that we should try to discover the reasons for the opinions which foreigners hold of us. It is well that we should take stock of ourselves from time to time, casting up our accounts and charging up to profit and loss on the balance sheet of the race. Of course we must admit in advance that any conclusion we may arrive at is but temporary, whether it concerns our neighbors or ourselves. Professor William James has declared—he is speaking of religion, but what he says is as true in other fields of human interest—"that the safe thing is surely to recognize that all the insights of creatures of a day like ourselves must be provisional. The wisest of critics is an altering being, subject to the better insight of the morrow, and right at any moment only 'up to date' and 'on the whole.'"

There is a double difficulty in comparing the characteristics of two nationalities, due to the fact that they are both of them in constant process of modification,—a process more evident and more rapid here in the United States, but still obvious enough in Great Britain. Although the English-speaking race is mainly of Teutonic origin it has been subjected to all sorts of influences in the long centuries before the American Revolution and in the century and a third since that fortunate event, until it is now no longer easy for the two peoples that compose it always to understand one another as it is so needful that they should, for the best interests of both. Using the same language, inheriting the same law, ruled by the same political traditions, they are alike and unlike; and perhaps the final word in regard to their relation to each other was written many years ago by the historian of the "Winning of the West," who is now the President of the United States and who declared that "Americans belong to the English race only in the sense in which Englishmen belong to the German."

BLINDFOLDED

A STORY IN WHICH MANY ADVENTURES LEAD AN UNWILLING HERO
TO THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY

By Earle Ashley Walcott

CHAPTER VII

MOTHER BORTON

THE noise of the struggle below continued. I lingered for a little, listening to the tumult. I was in a strange and dangerous position. I could not remain in the open hall, and as the sounds of disturbance from below subsided I felt my way along the wall and moved cautiously forward.

I had progressed perhaps twenty steps when a door, against which my hand pressed, yielded at the touch and swung slowly open. I strove to stop it, for the first opening showed a dim light within. But the panel gave no hold for my fingers, and my efforts to close the door only swung it open the faster. I drew back a little into the shadow, for I hesitated to dash past the sight of any who might occupy the room.

"Come in!" called a harsh voice.

I accepted the invitation and walked into the room.

"I was expecting you," said the harsh voice composedly. "Good evening."

"Good evening," I returned gravely, swallowing my amazement as best I could.

By the table before me sat Mother Borton, contemplating me as calmly as though this meeting were the most commonplace thing in the world. A candle furnished a dim, flickering light that gave to her hard, wicked countenance a diabolic leer that struck a chill to my blood.

"Excuse me," I said, "I have lost my way, I fear."

"Not at all," said Mother Borton. "You are in the right place."

"I was afraid I had intruded," I said apologetically.

"I expected you," she repeated. "Shut the door."

I glanced about the room. There was no sign of another person to be seen. I obeyed her.

"You might as well sit down," she said with some petulance. "There's nothing up here to hurt you." I hastened to show my confidence in her, and drew up a chair to the table.

"At your service," I said, leaning before her.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she asked grimly.

What should I answer? Could I tell her the truth?

"Who are you?" she repeated impatiently, gazing on me. "You are not Wilton. Tell me. Who are you?"

The face, hard as it was, seamed with the record of an evil life, had yet a kindly look as it was turned toward me.

"My name is Dudley,—Giles Dudley."

"Where is Wilton?"

"Dead."

"Dead? Did you kill him?" The half-kindly look disappeared from her eyes, and the hard lines settled into an expression of malevolent repulsiveness.

"He was my best friend," I said sadly; and then I described the leading events of the tragedy I had witnessed.

The old woman listened closely, and with hardly the movement of a muscle, to the tale I told.

"And you think he left his job to you?" she said with a sneer.

"I have taken it up as well as I can. To be frank with you, Mrs. Borton, I know nothing about his job. I'm going along on blind chance, and trying to keep a whole skin."

The old woman looked at me in amazement.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed half-pityingly, half-admiringly. "You put your hands to a job you know nothing about, when Henry Wilton couldn't carry it with all his wits about him."

"I didn't do it," said I sullenly. "It has done itself. Everybody insists that I'm Wilton. If I'm to have my throat slit for him I might as well try to do his work. I wish to Heaven I knew what it was, though."

"Young man," said she impressively, "take my advice. There's a train for the East in the mornin'. Just git on board, and never you stop short of Chicago."

"I'm not running away," said I bitterly. "I've got a score to settle with the man who killed Henry Wilton. When that score is settled, I'll go to Chicago or anywhere else. Until that's done, I stay where I can settle it."

Mother Borton caught up the candle and moved it before my face.

"By God, he's in earnest!" she said to herself, with a strange laugh. "Tell me again of the man you saw in the alley."

I described Doddridge Knapp.

"And you are going to get even with him?" she said with a chuckle that had no mirth in it.

"Yes," said I, shortly.

"Why, if you should touch him the people of the city would tear you to pieces."

"I shall not touch him. I'm no assassin!" I exclaimed indignantly. "The law shall take him, and I'll see him hanged as high as Haman."

Mother Borton gave a low, gurgling laugh.

"The law! oh, my liver,—the law! How young you are, my boy! Oh ho, oh ho! Take my advice now, and git on the train."

"Not I!" I returned stoutly.

"I'm doing it for your own good," she said, with as near an approach to a coaxing tone as she could command. "For my sake I'd like to see you go on and wipe out the whole raft of 'em. But I know what'll happen to ye, honey. I've took a fancy to ye. I don't know why. But there's a look on your face that carries me back for forty years, and—don't try it, dearie."

There were actually tears in the creature's eyes, and her hard, wicked face softened, and became almost tender and womanly.

"I can't give up," I said. "The work is put on me. But can't you help me? I believe you want to. I trust you. Tell me what to do—where I stand. I'm all in the dark, but I must do my work."

"You're right," she said. "I'm an old fool, and you've got the real sand. You're the first one except Henry Wilton that's trusted me in forty years, and you won't be sorry for it, my boy. You owe me one, now. Where would you have been to-night if I hadn't had the light doused on ye?"

"Oh, that was your doing, was it? I thought my time had come."

"Oh, I was sure you'd know what to do. It was your best chance."

"Then will you help me, now?"

"What can I do?"

"Tell me, in God's name, where I stand. What is this dreadful mystery? Who is this boy? Why is he hidden, and why do these people want to know where he is? Who is behind me, and who threatens me with death?"

Mother Borton gave me a leer.

"I wish I could tell you, my dear, but I don't know."

"You mean you dare not tell me," I said boldly. "You have done me a great service, but if I am to save myself from

the dangers that surround me I must know more. Can't you see that?"

"Yes," she nodded. "You're in a hard row of stumps, young man."

"And you can help me."

"Well, I will," she said, suddenly softening again. "I took a shine to you when you came in, an' I says to myself, 'I'll save that young fellow,' an' I done it. And I'll do more. Mr. Wilton was a fine gentleman, an' I'd do something, if I could, to git even with those murderin' gutter-pickers that laid him out on a slab."

"Well?" I said impatiently. "Who is the boy, and where is he?"

"I'll name no names," she said. "My throat can be cut as quick as yours, and maybe a damned sight quicker."

Mother Borton had among her failings a weakness for profanity. I have omitted most of her references to sacred and other subjects of the kind in transcribing her remarks.

"The ones that has the boy means all right. They're rich. The ones as is looking for the boy is all wrong. They'll be rich if they gits him."

"How?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mother Borton. "I'm tellin' you what Henry Wilton told me."

This was maddening. I began to suspect that she knew nothing after all.

"Do you know where he is?" I asked.

"No"—sullenly.

"Who is protecting him?"

"I don't know."

"Who is trying to get him?"

"It's that snake-eyed Tom Terrill that's leading the hunt, along with Darby Meeker; but they ain't doing it for themselves."

"Is Doddridge Knapp behind them?"

"S-s-h!" she whispered. "Don't name no names."

"But I saw—"

She put her hand over my mouth.

"He's in it somewhere, or the devil is,

but I don't know where. He's an awful man. He's everywhere at once. He's—oh Lord! What was that?"

"It's nothing," I said.

"I reckon I ain't got no call to be scared at any crackings in this old house," said Mother Borton with a nervous giggle. "I've hearn 'em long enough. But that man's name gives me the shivers."

"What did he ever do to you?" I asked with some curiosity.

"He never did nothing," she said, "but I hearn tell dreadful things that's gone on of nights,—how Doddridge Knapp or his ghost was seen killing a Chinaman over at North Beach, while Doddridge Knapp or his ghost,—whichever was the other one,—was speaking at a meeting, at the Pavilion. And I hearn of his drinkin' blood—"

"Nonsense!" said I; "where did you get such stories?"

"Well, they're told me for true, and by ones I believe," she said stoutly. "Oh, there's queer things goes on. Doddridge Knapp or the devil, it's all one. But it's ill saying things of them that can be in two places at once." And the old dame looked nervously about her. "They've hushed things up in the papers, and fixed the police, but people have tongues."

I wondered what mystification had given rise to these absurd reports, but there was nothing to be gained by pursuing them. The killing of the Chinaman might have been something to my hand, but if Doddridge Knapp had such a perfect alibi it was a waste of time to look into it.

"And is this all you know?" I asked in disappointment.

Mother Borton tried to remember some other point.

"I don't see how it's going to keep a knife from between my ribs," I complained.

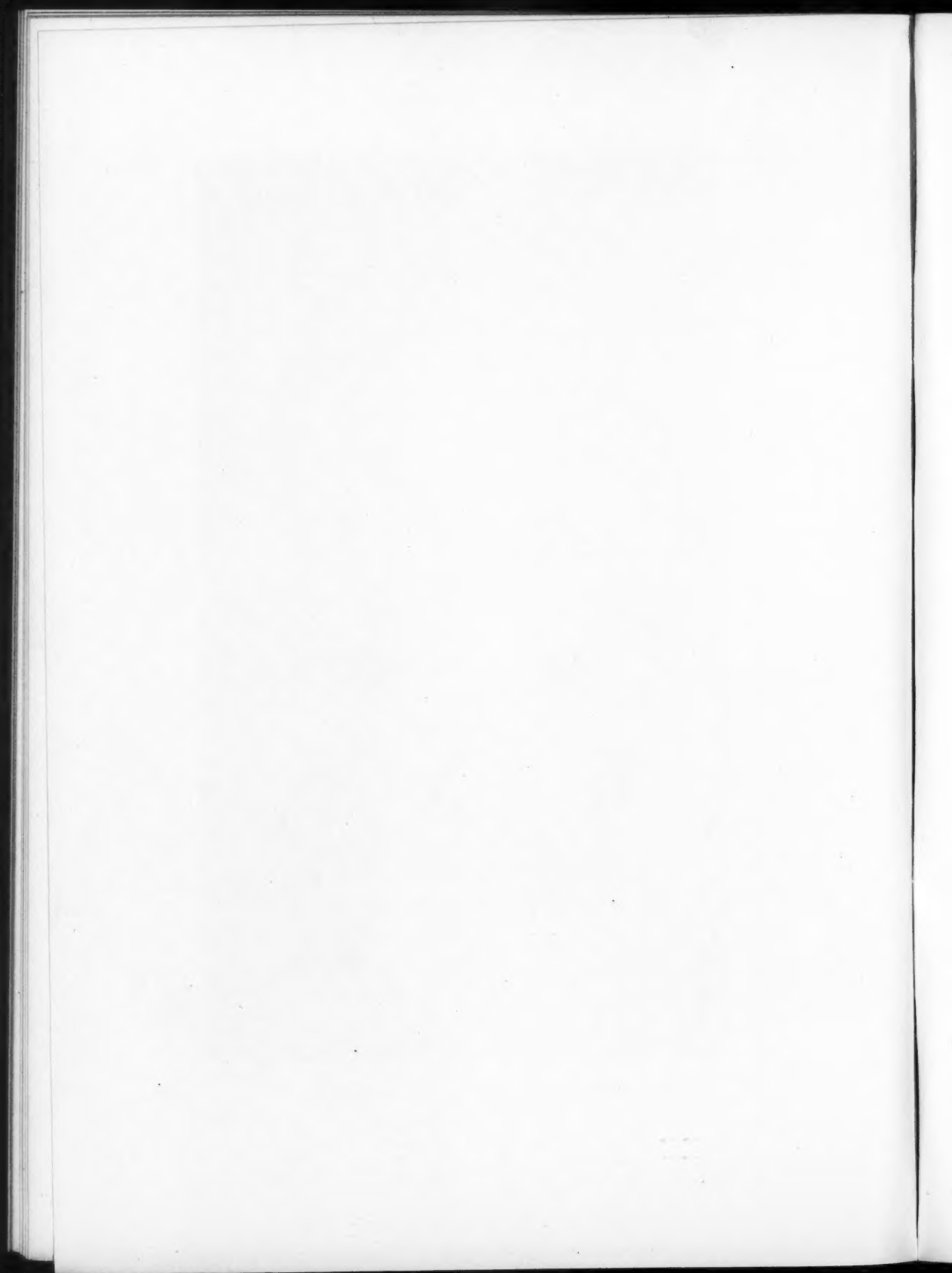
"You keep out of the way of Tom Terrill and his hounds, and you'll be all right, I reckon."



Drawing by Alice Barber Stephens

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**MOTHER BORTON MOVED THE CANDLE BACK AND FORTH BEFORE
MY FACE**



"Am I supposed to be the head man in this business?"

"Yes."

"Who are my men?"

"There's Wilson and Fitzhugh and Porter and Brown," and she named ten or a dozen more.

"And what is Dicky?"

"It's a smart man as can put his finger on Dicky Nahl," said Mother Borton spitefully.

"Nahl is his name?"

"Yes. And I've seen him hobnob with Henry Wilton, and I've seen him thick as thieves with Tom Terrill, and which he's thickest with the devil himself couldn't tell. I call him Slippery Dicky."

"Why did he bring me here to-night?"

"I hearn there's orders come to change the place—the boy's place, you know. You was to tell 'em where the new one was to be, I reckon, but Tom Terrill spoiled things. He's lightning, is Tom Terrill. But I guess he got it all out of Dicky, though where Dicky got it the Lord only knows."

This was all that was to be had from Mother Borton. Either she knew no more, or she was sharp enough to hide a knowledge that might be dangerous, even fatal, to reveal. She was willing to serve me, and I was forced to let it pass that she knew no more.

"Well, I'd better be going then," said I at last. "It's nearly four o'clock, and everything seems to be quiet hereabouts. I'll find my way to my room."

"You'll do no such thing," said Mother Borton. "They've not given up the chase yet. Your men have gone home, I reckon, but I'll bet the saloon that you'd have a surprise before you got to the corner."

"Not a pleasant prospect," said I grimly.

"No. You must stay here. The room next to this one is just the thing for you. See?" She drew me into the adjoining room.

"You'll be safe here," she said. "Now

do as I say. Go to sleep and git some rest. You ain't had much, I guess, since you got to San Francisco."

The room was cheerless, but in the circumstances the advice appeared good. I was probably safer here than in the street, and I needed the rest.

"Good night," said my strange protectress. "You needn't git up till you git ready. This is a beautiful room—beautiful. I call it our bridal chamber, though we don't get no brides down here. There won't be no sun to bother your eyes in the mornin', for that window don't open up outside. So there can't nobody git in unless he comes from inside the house. There, git to bed. Look out you don't set fire to nothing. And put out the candle. Now good night, dearie."

Mother Borton closed the door behind her, and left me to the shadows.

There was nothing to be gained by sitting up, and the candle was past its final inch. I felt that I could not sleep, but I would lie down on the bed and rest my tired limbs, that I might refresh myself for the demands of the day. I kicked off my boots, put my revolver under my hand, and lay down.

Heedless of Mother Borton's warning I left the candle to burn to the socket. The shadows grew larger and blacker, and took fantastic shapes of men and beasts. And then with a confused impression of deadly fear and of an effort to escape from peril, a blacker shadow swallowed up all that had gone before, and carried me with it.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH I MEET A FEW SURPRISES

I awoke with the sense of threatened danger strong in my mind. For a moment I was unable to recall where I was, or on what errand I had come. Then memory returned in a flood, and I sprang from the bed and peered about me.

I drew aside the curtain, and threw up

the window. It opened merely on a light-well, and the blank walls beyond gave back the cheery reflection of a patch of sunlight that fell at an angle from above.

The fresher air that crept in from the window cleared my mind, a dash of water refreshed my body, and I was ready once more to face whatever might befall.

I looked at my watch. It was eight o'clock, and I had slept four hours in this place. I began to realize that I was outrageously hungry, and I remembered that I should be at the office by nine to receive the commands of Doddridge Knapp, should he choose to send them.

I threw back the bolt, but when I tried to swing the door open it resisted my efforts. The key had been missing when I closed it, but a sliding bolt had fastened it securely. Now I saw that the door was locked.

Here was a strange predicament. I had heard nothing of the noise of the key before I lost myself in slumber. Mother Borton must have turned it as an additional precaution as I slept. I hesitated to make a noise that could attract attention. It might bring some one less kindly disposed than my hostess of the night. But there was no other way. I was trapped, and must take the risk of summoning assistance.

I rapped on the panel and listened. No sound rewarded me. I rapped again more vigorously, but only silence followed.

There was something ominous about it. What lay without the door, my apprehension asked me. Was it part of the plot to get the secret it was supposed I held? Had Mother Borton been murdered, and the house seized? Or had Mother Borton played me false, and was I now a prisoner to my own party for my enforced impotence, as one who knew too much to be left at large and too little to be of use? I abandoned my half-formed plan of breaking down the door, and turned to the window and the light-well. Another window faced on the same space, not five feet

away, but it was closed, and a curtain hid the unknown possibilities and dangers of the interior. A dozen feet above was the roof, with no projection or foothold by which it might be reached. Below, the light-well ended in a tinued floor, about four feet from the window sill.

I swung myself down, and with two steps was trying the other window. It was unlocked. I raised the sash cautiously, but its creaking protest seemed to my excited ears to be loud enough to wake any but the dead. I stopped and listened after each squeak of the frame. There was no sign of movement.

Then I pushed aside the curtain cautiously, and looked within. The room appeared absolutely bare. I threw the curtain farther back, and with a bound climbed in, revolver in hand.

There was, however, nothing here to linger for, and I hastened to try the door. It was locked. I stooped to examine the fastening. It was of the cheapest kind, attached to door and casement by small screws. With a good wrench it gave way, and I found myself in a dark side-hall between two rooms. Three steps brought me to the main hall, and I recognized it for the same through which I had felt my way in the darkness of the night. It was not improved by the daylight, and a strange loneliness about it was an oppression to the spirits.

The intense stillness within the house, instead of reassuring me, served as a threat. After my experience of the night, it spoke of treachery, not of peace.

I took my steps cautiously down the stairs, following the way that led to the side entrance. As I neared the bottom of the stairs, I saw that a door led from the hallway to the saloon, and that it was open.

I moved slowly down, a step at a time, then from over-cautiousness tripped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a four-horse team.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced

through the open door, and was stricken cold with astonishment. The room was empty!

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no sign that the place had been occupied in months.

My step echoed strangely with the echo of an untenanted house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had filled them. Dust was thick over the floor and walls. The windows were stained and dirty, and a paper sign on each pane informed the passers-by that the house was "To Let."

I looked cautiously through the other rooms on the first floor. They were as bare as the main room. The only room in the whole house that held a trace of furniture or occupancy must be the one from which I had escaped. It seemed that an elaborate trap had been set for my benefit with such precautions that I could not prove that it ever had been.

There was, however, no time to waste in prying into this mystery. By my watch it was close on nine o'clock, and Doddridge Knapp might even now be making his way to the office where he had stationed me.

The saloon's front doors were locked fast, but the side door that led from the stairway to the street was fastened only with a spring lock, and I swung it open and stepped to the sidewalk.

The street was but a prosaic place after the haunt of mystery I had just left. It was like stepping from the Dark Ages into the nineteenth century. Yet there was something puzzling about it. The street had no suggestion of the familiar, and it appeared somehow to have been turned end for end. I had lost my sense of direction. The hills were where the bay ought to be. I seemed to have changed sides of the street, and it took me a little time to readjust the points of the compass. I reasoned at last that Dicky Nahl had led me to the street below before turning to

the place, and I had not noticed that we had doubled on our course.

I hurried along the streets with but a three-minute stop to swallow a cup of coffee and a roll, and once more mounted the stairs to the office and opened the door to Number 15.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as though they had been hurriedly examined and thrown aside in a fruitless search. This was a disturbing incident, and I was surprised to discover that the door into the adjoining room was ajar. I pushed it wide open, and started back. Before me stood Doddridge Knapp, his face pale as the face of a corpse, and his eyes staring as though the dead had risen before him.

CHAPTER IX

A DAY IN THE MARKET

The King of the Street stood for a moment staring at me with that strange and fearsome gaze. What was there in that dynamic glance that struck a chill to my spirit as though the very fountain of life had been attacked? Was it the manifestation of the powerful will behind that mask? Or was it terror or anger that was to be read in the fiery eyes that gleamed from beneath those bushy brows, and in the play of the cruel mouth, which from under that yellow-gray mustache gave back the sign of the Wolf?

"Have you any orders, sir?" I asked in as calm a voice as I could command.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Wolf slowly, covering his fangs.

It flashed on me that the attack in the Borton den was of his planning, that Terrill was his tool, and that he had supposed me dead. It was thus that I could account for his startled gaze and evident discomposure.

"Nine o'clock was the time, you said,"

I suggested deferentially. "I believe it's a minute or two past."

"Oh, yes," said Doddridge Knapp, pulling himself together. "Come in here."

He looked suspiciously at me as he took a seat at his desk, and motioned me to another.

"I had a little turn," he said, eying me nervously; "a vertigo, I believe the doctor called it. Just reach my overcoat pocket there, will you?—the left-hand side. Yes, bring me that flask."

He poured out a small glass of liquor, and the rich odor of brandy rose through the room. Then he took a vial from an inside pocket, counted a few drops into the glass, and drank it at a swallow.

When he had cleared his throat of the fiery liquor, the Wolf turned to me with a more composed and kindly expression.

"I never drink during business hours," he said with a trace of apology in his tone. "It's bad for business, and for the drink, too. But this is a little trouble I've had a touch of in the last two months. Just remember, young man, that I expect you to do your drinking after business is over—and not too much then. And now to business," said my employer with decision. "Take down these orders."

The King of the Street was himself once more. I was to buy one hundred shares of this stock, sell five hundred of that stock, buy one thousand of another in blocks of one hundred, and sell the same in a single block at the last session.

"And the last thing you do," he continued, "buy every share of Omega that is offered. There'll be a big block of it thrown on the market, and more in the afternoon. Buy it, whatever the price. There's likely to be a big slump. Don't bid for it—don't keep up the price, you understand—but get it."

"If somebody else is snapping it up, do I understand that I'm not to bid over them?"

"You're not to understand anything of

the kind," he said, with a little disgust in his tone. "You're to get the stock. You've bought and sold enough to know how to do that. But don't start a boom for the price. Let her go down. Sabe?"

I felt that there was deep water ahead.

"Perfectly," I said. "I think I see the whole thing."

The King of the Street looked at me with a grim smile.

"Maybe you do, but all the same you'd better keep your money out of this little deal unless you can spare it as well as not. Well, get back to your room. You've got your check-book all right?"

Alone once more I was in despair of unraveling the tangle in which I was involved. I felt convinced that Doddridge Knapp was the mover in the plots that sought my life. He had, I felt sure, believed me dead, and was startled into fear at my unheralded appearance. Yet why should he trust me with his business? I could not doubt that the buying and selling he had given to my care were important. I knew nothing about the price of stocks, but I was sure that the orders he had given me involved many thousands of dollars. Yet it might be—the thought struck home to me—that the credit had not been provided for me, and my checks on the Nevada Bank would serve only to land me in jail.

There was already a confused murmur of voices about the rival exchanges that were the battle-grounds of millionaires. The "curbstone boards" were in session.

It was easy to find Bockstein and Eppner, and there could be no mistaking the prosperity of the firm. The indifference of the clerks to my presence, and the evident contempt with which an order for a hundred shares of something was being taken from an apologetic old gentleman were enough to assure me of that.

Bockstein and Eppner were together, evidently consulting over the business to be done. Bockstein was tall and gray-haired, with a stubby gray beard. Eppner



Drawing by Alice Barber Stephens

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**BEFORE ME STOOD DODDRIDGE KNAPP, HIS FACE PALE AS THE FACE
OF A CORPSE**

was short and a little stooped, with a blue-black mustache, snapping blue-black eyes, and strong blue-black dots over his face where his beard struggled vainly against the devastating razor. Both were strongly marked with the shrewd, money-getting visage. I set forth my business.

"You want to gif a larch order?" said Bockstein, looking over my memoranda. "Do you haf references?"

"Yes," echoed Eppner. "References are customary, you know." He spoke in a high-keyed voice that had irritating suggestions in it.

"Is there any reference better than cash?" I asked.

The partners looked at each other.

"None," they replied.

"How much will secure you on the order?"

They named a heavy margin, and the sum total took my heart into my mouth. How large a balance I could draw against I had not the faintest idea. Possibly this was a trap to throw me into jail as a common swindler attempting to pass worthless checks. But there was no time to hesitate. I drew a check for the amount, signed Henry Wilton's name, and tossed it over to Bockstein.

"All ridt," said the senior partner. "Zhust talk it ofer vit Misder Eppner. He goes on der floor."

I knew well enough what was wanted. My financial standing was to be tested by the head of the firm, while the junior partner kept me amused.

Eppner was quick to take my ideas. A few words of explanation, and he understood perfectly what I wanted.

"You have not bought before?" It was an interrogation, not an assertion.

"Oh, yes," I said carelessly, "but not through you, I believe."

"No, no, I think not. I should have remembered you."

I thought this might be a favorable opportunity to glean a little information of what was going on in the market.

"Are there any good deals in prospect?" I ventured.

I could see in the blue-black depths of his eyes that an unfavorable opinion he had conceived of my judgment was deepened by this question.

"We never advise our customers," was the high-keyed reply.

"Certainly not," I replied. "I don't want advice—merely to know what is going on."

"Excuse me, but I never gossip. It is a rule I make."

"It might interfere with your opportunities to pick up a good bargain now and then," I suggested, as the blue-black man seemed at a loss for words.

"We never invest in stocks," was the curt reply.

"Excellent idea," said I, "for those who know too much or too little."

Eppner failed to smile, and could think of nothing to say. Bockstein relieved the embarrassment of the situation by coming in out of breath, with a brave pretense of having been merely consulting a customer in the next room.

"You haf exblained to Misder Eppner?" he inquired. "Den all is done. Here is a card to der Board Room. If orders you haf to gif, Eppner vill dake dem on der floor. Zhust gif him der check for margin, and all is vell."

At the end of this harangue I found myself outside the office. My check had been honored, then, and Bockstein had assured himself of my solvency. In the rebound from anxiety, I swelled with the pride of a capitalist—on Doddridge Knapp's money.

In the Board Room of the big Exchange the uproar was something astonishing. The floor was filled with a crowd of lunatics, howling, shaking fists, and pushing and scrambling from one place to another with the frenzy of a band of red men practising the scalp dance by the bright glow of the white man's fire-water.

After a little I was able to discover a

method in the outbreaks of apparent lunacy, and found that the shouts and yells and screams, the shaking of fists, and the waving of arms were merely a more or less energetic method of bidding for stocks; that the ringing of gongs and the bellow of the big man who smiled on the bear-garden from the high desk were merely the audible signs that another stock was being called; and that the brazen-voiced reading of a roll was merely the official announcement of the record of bargains and sales that had been going on before me.

It was my good fortune to make out so much before the purchase of the stocks on my order list was completed.

Eppner rushed up and reported the bargains made, handing me a slip with the figures he had paid for the stocks. He was no longer the impassive engine of business that he had appeared in the back room of his office. He was now the embodiment of the riot I had been observing. His blue-black hair was rumpled and on end. His blue-black eyes flashed with animation. The blue-black dots that showed where his beard would be if he had let it were almost overwhelmed by the glow that excitement threw into his sallow cheeks.

"Any more orders?" he gasped.

"Yes," I shouted above the roar about me. "I want to buy Omega."

He gave a look that might have been a warning, if I could have read it; but it was gone with a shrug as though he would say, "Well, it's no business of mine."

"How much?" he asked. "Wait!"

He started away at a scream from the front, but returned in a moment. He had bought or sold something, but I had not the least idea what it was, or which he had done.

"It's coming!" he yelled in my ear.

The gong rang. There was a confused cry from the man at the big desk. And pandemonium let loose.

I had thought the riot that had gone before as near the climax of noise as it was

possible to get. I was mistaken. The roar that followed the call was to the noise that had gone before as is the hurricane to the zephyr.

"Omega opens at sixty-five," shouted Eppner.

"Bid sixty," I shouted in reply, "but get all you can, even if you have to pay sixty-five."

Eppner gave a bellow, and skated into a group of fat men, gesticulating violently. The roar increased, if such a thing were possible.

In a minute Eppner was back, perspiring, and I fancied a trifle worried.

"They're dropping it on me," he gasped in my ear. "Five hundred at sixty-two and one thousand at sixty. Small lots coming fast and big ones on the way."

"Good! Bid fifty-five, and then fifty, but get them."

With a roar he rushed into the midst of a whirling throng. I could make out nothing of what was going on, except that the excitement was tremendous.

Twice Eppner reported to me. The stock was being hammered down stroke by stroke. There was a rush to sell. Fifty-five—fifty-three—fifty, came the price—then by leaps to forty-five and forty. It was a panic. At last the gong sounded, and the scene was over. Men staggered from the Exchange, white as death, some cursing, some angry and red, some despairing, some elate.

Eppner reported at the end of the call. He had bought for me twelve thousand five hundred shares, over ten thousand of them below fifty. The total was frightful. There was half a million dollars to pay when the time for settlement came. It was folly to suppose that my credit at the Nevada was of this size. But I put a bold face on it, gave a check for the figure that Eppner named, and rose.

"Any more orders?" he asked.

"Not till afternoon."

As I passed into the street I was astonished at the swift transformation that had

come over it. The faces turned to the pitiless, polished granite front of the great gambling-hall were white and drawn, and on them sat Ruin and Despair. The men were for the most part silent, with here and there one cursing; the women, who were there by scores, wept and mourned; and from the multitudes rose that peculiar whisper of crowds that tells of apprehension of things worse to come. And this, I must believe, was the work of Doddridge Knapp.

CHAPTER X

A TANGLE OF SCHEMES

Doddridge Knapp was seated calmly in my office when I opened the door. There was a grim smile about the firm jaws, and a satisfied glitter in the keen eyes. The Wolf had found his prey, and the dismay of the sheep at the sight of his fangs gave him satisfaction instead of distress.

The King of the Street honored me with a royal nod.

"There seems to have been a little surprise for somebody on the Board this morning," he suggested.

"I heard something about it on the street," I admitted.

"It was a good plan and worked well. Let me see your memoranda of purchases."

I gave him my slips.

He looked over them with growing perplexity in his face.

"Here's twelve thousand five hundred shares of Omega."

"Yes."

"You paid too much for that first lot."

"It's easier to see that now than then," I suggested dryly.

"Humph! yes. But there's something wrong here." He was comparing my list with another in his hand.

"There!" I thought; "my confounded ignorance has made a mess of it." But I spoke with all the confidence I could assume: "What's the matter, now?"

"Eleven thousand and twelve thousand five hundred make twenty-three thousand five hundred; and here are sales of Omega this morning of thirty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty."

"How's that? I don't understand." I was all in the dark over his musings.

"I picked up eleven thousand shares in the other Boards this morning, and twelve thousand five hundred through you, but somebody has taken in the other ten thousand." The King of the Street seemed puzzled and, I thought, a little worried.

"Well, you got over twenty-three thousand shares," I suggested consolingly. "That's a pretty good morning's work."

The King of the Street gave me a contemptuous glance.

"Don't be a fool, Wilton. I sold ten thousand of those shares to myself."

A new light broke upon me. I was getting lessons of one of the many ways in which the market was manipulated.

"Then you think that somebody else—"

"Never mind what I think. I've got the contract for doing the thinking for this job, and I reckon I can 'tend to it."

The great speculator was silent for a few moments.

"I might as well be frank with you," he said at last. "You'll have to know something, to work intelligently. I must get control of the Omega Company, and to do it I've got to have more stock. I've been afraid of a combination against me, and I guess I've struck it. I can't be sure yet, but when those ten thousand shares were gobbled up on a panicky market, I'll bet there's something up."

"Who is in it?" I asked politely.

"They've kept themselves covered," said the King of the Street, "but I'll have them out in the open before the end. And then, my boy, you'll see the fur fly."

As these words were uttered I could see the yellow-gray goatee rise like bristles, and the fangs of the Wolf shine white under the yellow-gray mustache.

"I've got a few men staked out," he

continued slowly, "and I reckon I'll know something about it by this time to-morrow."

There was the growl of the Wolf in his voice.

"Now for this afternoon," he continued. "There's got to be some sharp work done. I reckon the falling movement is over. We've got to pay for what we get from now on. I've got a man looking after the between-Board trading. With the scare that's on in the chipper crowd out there, I look to pick up a thousand shares or so at about forty."

"Well, what's the program?" I asked cheerfully.

"Buy," he said briefly. "Take everything that's offered this side of seventy-five."

"Um—there's a half-million wanted already to settle for what I bought this morning."

The bushy brows drew down, but the King of the Street answered lightly:

"Your check is good for a million, my boy, as long as it goes to settle for what you're ordered to buy." Then he added grimly: "I don't think you'd find it worth much for anything else."

There was a knock at the door beyond, and he hastily rose.

"Be here after the two-thirty session," he said.

A million dollars! My check honored for unlimited amounts! Doddridge Knapp trusting me with a great fortune! I was overwhelmed, intoxicated with the consciousness of power.

Yet this was the man who had brought death to Henry Wilton, and had twice sought my life in the effort to wrest from me a packet of information I did not have. This was the man whose face had gleamed fierce and hateful in the lantern's flash in the alley. This was the man I had sworn to bring to the gallows for a brutal crime. And now I was his trusted agent, with control, however limited, of millions.

It was a puzzle too deep for me. I was

near coming to Mother Borton's view that there was something uncanny about Doddridge Knapp. Did two spirits animate that body?

I wondered idly who Doddridge Knapp's visitor might be, but as I could see no way of finding out, I rose and left the office. As I stepped into the hall I discovered that somebody had a deeper curiosity than I. A man was stooping to the key-hole of Doddridge Knapp's room in the endeavor to see or hear. As he heard the sound of my opening door he started up, and with a bound, was around the turn of the hall and pattering down the stairs.

In another bound I was after him. I had seen his form for but a second, and his face not at all. But in that second I knew him for Tim Terrill of the snake-eyes and the murderous purpose.

When I reached the head of the stairs he was nowhere to be seen, but I heard the patter of his feet below and plunged down three steps at a time and into Clay Street. The street was busy with people, but no sign of the snake-eyed man greeted me.

Much disturbed in mind at this apparition of my enemy, I sought in vain for some explanation of his presence. Was he spying on Doddridge Knapp? Did he not stand on a better footing with his employer than this? He was, I must suppose, trusted with the most secret and evil purposes of that strange man, and should be able to speak with him on even terms. Yet here he was, doing the work of the merest spy.

I must have stood gaping in the street like a countryman at a fair, for I was roused by a man bumping into me roughly. He spoke in a low tone:

"You'd better go to your room, Mr. Wilton." He said something more that I did not catch, and, reeling on, disappeared in the crowd before I could turn to mark or question him.

I thought at first that he meant the room I had just left. Then it occurred to me that it was the room Henry had occu-

pied—the room in which I had spent my first dreadful night in San Francisco, and had not revisited in the thirty hours since I had left it.

In a few minutes I was entering the dingy building and climbing the worn and creaking stairs. The place lost its air of mystery in the broad sunshine and penetrating daylight.

Slipped under the door I found two notes. One was from Detective Coogan, and read:

"Inquest this afternoon. Don't want you. Have another story. Do you want the body?"

The other was in a woman's hand, and the faint perfume of the first note I had received rose from the sheet. It read:

"I do not understand your silence. The money is ready. What is the matter?"

The officer's note was easy enough to answer. I asked him to turn the body over to the undertaker to be buried at my order.

The other note was more perplexing. It was evidently from my unknown employer, and her anxiety was plain to see. But I was no nearer to finding her than before, and if I knew how to reach her I knew not what to say. As I was contemplating this state of affairs with some dejection, there was a quick step in the hall and a rap at the panel. It was a single person, so I had no hesitation in opening the door, but it gave me a passing satisfaction to have my hand on the revolver in my pocket.

It was a boy, who thrust a letter into my hand.

"Yer name Wilton?" he inquired, still holding on to the envelope.

"Yes."

"That's yourn, then." And he was prepared to make a bolt.

"Hold on," I said. "Maybe there's an answer."

"No, there ain't. The bloke as gave it to me said there weren't."

"Well, here's something I want you to deliver," said I, taking up my note to Detective Coogan. "Do you know where the City Hall is?"

"Does I know—what are yer givin' us?" said the boy with infinite scorn in his voice.

"A quarter," I returned with a laugh, tossing him the coin. "Wait a minute."

"Yer ain't bad stuff," said the boy with a grin.

I tore open the envelope and read on the sheet that came from it:

"Sell everything you bought—never mind the price. Other orders off.

D. K.

I gasped with amazement. Had Doddridge Knapp gone mad? To sell twelve thousand five hundred shares of Omega was sure to smash the market, and the half-million dollars that had been put into them would probably shrink by two hundred thousand or more if the order was carried out.

I read the note again.

Then a suspicion large enough to overshadow the universe grew up in my brain. I recalled that Doddridge Knapp had given me a cipher with which he would communicate with me, and I believed, moreover, that he had no idea where I might be at the present moment.

"It's all right, sonny," I said. "Trot along."

"Where's yer letter?" asked the boy, loyally anxious to earn his quarter.

"It won't have to go now," I said coolly.

"Well, I must look like a sucker if they think I can be taken in by a trick like that," was my mental comment, as I gazed at the letter. I charged the scheme up to my snake-eyed friend and had a poorer

opinion of his intelligence than I had hitherto entertained. Yet I was astonished that he should, even with the most hearty wish to bring about my downfall, contrive a plan that would inflict a heavy loss on his employer and possibly ruin him altogether.

I took my way at last toward the market, and, hailing a boy to whom I entrusted my letter to Detective Coogan, walked briskly to Pine Street.

CHAPTER XI

THE DEN OF THE WOLF

The Street had changed its appearance in the two or three hours since I had made my way from the Exchange through the pallid, panic-stricken mob. Plainly the panic was over, and men were inspirited by a belief that "stocks were going up."

I made a few dispositions accordingly. Taking Doddridge Knapp's hint, I engaged another broker as a relief to Eppner, a short, fat man, with the baldest head I ever saw, a black beard and a hook-nose, whose remarkable activity and scattering charges had attracted my attention in the morning session.

Wallbridge was his name, I found, and he proved to be as intelligent as I could wish—a merry little man, with a joke for all things, and a flow of words that was almost overwhelming.

"Omega? Yes," chuckled the stout little broker, after he had assured himself of my financial standing. "But you ought to have bought this morning, if that's what you want. It was hell popping and the roof giving way all at once. You ought to have been there, and watched the boys shell 'em out!"

"Yes, I heard you had lively times."

"Boiling," he said, with coruscating additions in the way of speech and gesture. "If it hadn't been for Decker and some fellow we haven't had a chance to make out yet the bottom of the market would have been resting on the roof of the lower

regions." The little man's remark was slightly more direct and forcible, but this will do for a revised version.

"Decker!" I exclaimed, pricking up my ears. "I thought he had quit the market."

As I had never heard of Mr. Decker before that moment this was not exactly the truth, but I thought it would serve me better.

"Decker out of it!" gasped Wallbridge. "He'll be out of it when he's carried out."

"I meant out of Omega. Is he getting up a deal?"

The little broker looked vexed, as though it crossed his mind that he had said too much.

"Oh, no. Guess not. Don't think he is," he said rapidly. "Just wanted to save the market, I guess. If Omega had gone five points lower, there would have been the sickest times in the Street that we've seen since the Bank of California closed and the shop across the way,"—pointing his thumb at the Exchange,— "had to be shut up. But maybe it wasn't Decker, you know. That's just what was rumored on the Street, you know."

I suspected that my little broker knew more than he was willing to tell, but I forbore to press him further; and giving him the order to buy all the Omega stock he could pick up under fifty, I made my way to Eppner.

The blue-black eyes of that impassive agent snapped with a glow of interest when I gave him my order to sell the other purchases of the morning and buy Omega, but faded into a dull stare when I lingered for conversation.

"I wonder who was picking up Omega this morning?" I said.

"Oh, some of the shorts getting ready to fill contracts," he replied in his dry, uninterested tones.

"I heard that Decker was in the market for the stock," I said.

The blue-black eyes gave a flash of genuine surprise.

"Decker!" he exclaimed. Then his

eyes fell, and he paused a moment before replying in his high inflexible voice. "He might be."

"Is he after Omega, or is he just bracing up the market?"

"Excuse me," said Eppner with the cold reflection of an apologetic tone, "but we never advise customers. Are you walking over to the Exchange?"

In the Exchange all was excitement. I could make nothing of the clamor, but my nearest neighbor shouted in my ear:

"A strong market!"

"It looks that way," I shouted back.

The excitement grew as the call approached Omega. There was an electric tension in the air that told of the anxious hopes and fears that centered in the coming struggle. The stock was called at last, and I looked for a scene of riot on the floor that would surpass anything I had witnessed yet.

It failed to come. There was almost a pause in the proceedings.

I caught a glimpse of Doddridge Knapp across the room, looking on with a grim smile on the wolf jaws and an apparently impassive interest in the scene.

The clamor on the floor began and swelled in volume, and a breath of visible relief passed over the anxious assembly.

Wallbridge and Eppner made a dive at once for a yelling broker, and a cold chill ran down my back. I saw then that I had set my brokers bidding against each other for the same stock.

"Great Mammon!" I thought. "If Doddridge Knapp ever finds it out, what a circus there will be!"

"She's going up!" said my neighbor with a shout of joy.

Forty-five — forty-seven — fifty-five — it was going up by leaps. I blessed the forethought that had suggested to me to put a limit on Wallbridge and stop the competition between my agents at fifty.

The call closed amid animation. Omega stood at eighty asked, and seventy-eight bid, and the ship of the stock

gamblers was again sailing on an even keel.

The session was over at last, and Wallbridge and Eppner handed me their memoranda of purchases.

"You couldn't pick Omega off the bushes this afternoon, Mr. Wilton," said Wallbridge, wiping his bald head vigorously. "There's fools at all times, and some of 'em were here and ready to drop what they had; but not many. I gathered in six hundred for you, but I had to fight for it."

I thanked the merry broker, and gave him a check for his balance.

Eppner had done some better, but all told I had added but three thousand one hundred shares to my list.

There was no one to be seen as I reached Room 15. The connecting door was closed and locked, and no sound came from behind it. I turned to arrange the books, to keep from a bad habit of thinking over the inexplicable.

An hour passed, and no Doddridge Knapp. It was long past office hours. Just as I was considering whether my duty to my employer constrained me to wait longer, I caught sight of an envelope that had been slipped under the door. It was in cipher, but it yielded to the key with which Doddridge Knapp had provided me. I made it out to be this:

"Come to my house to-night. Bring your contracts with you. KNAPP."

I was thrown into some perplexity by this order. For a little I suspected a trap, but on second thought this seemed unlikely. The office furnished as convenient a place for homicidal diversions as he could wish, if these were in his intention.

The clocks were pointing past eight when I mounted the steps that led to Doddridge Knapp's door. Doddridge Knapp's house fronted upper Pine Street much as Doddridge Knapp himself fronted lower Pine Street. There was a calmly

aggressive look about it that was typical of the owner. It defied the elements with easy strength, as Doddridge Knapp defied the storms of the market.

I had something of trepidation, after all, as I rang the bell, for I was far from being sure that Doddridge Knapp was above carrying out his desperate purposes in his own house, and I wondered whether I should ever come out again, once I was behind those massive doors. However, I must risk it. I gave my name to the servant who opened the door.

"This way," he said quietly.

I had hardly time as I passed to note the large hall, the handsome staircase, and the wide parlors that hung rich with drapery, but in darkness. I was led beyond and behind them, and ushered into a small, plainly-furnished room; and at a desk covered with papers sat Doddridge Knapp, the picture of the Wolf in his den.

"Sit down, Wilton," said he with grim affability, giving his hand. "You won't mind if an old man doesn't get up."

I made some conventional reply.

"Sorry to disappoint you this afternoon, and take up your evening," he said; "but I found some business that needed more immediate attention. There was a little matter that had to be looked after in person." And the Wolf's fangs showed in a cruel smile, which assured me that the "little matter" had terminated unhappily for the other man.

I airily professed myself happy to be at his service at any time.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but let's see your memoranda. Did you do well this afternoon?"

"No-o," I returned apologetically. "Not so well as I wished."

He took the papers and looked over them carefully.

"Thirty-one hundred," he said reflectively. "Those sales were all right. Well, I was afraid you couldn't get above three thousand. I didn't get more than two

thousand in the other Boards and on the Street."

"That was the best I could do," I said modestly. "They average at sixty-five. Omega got away from us this afternoon like a runaway horse."

"Yes, yes," said the King of the Street, studying his papers with drawn brows. "That's all right. I'll have to wait a bit before going farther."

I bowed as became one who had no idea of the plans ahead.

"And now," said Doddridge Knapp, turning on me a keen and lowering gaze, "I'd like to know what call you have to be spying on me?"

"Spying? I don't understand."

"No?" said he, with something between a growl and a snarl. "Well, maybe you don't understand that, either!" And he tossed me a bit of paper.

I felt sure that I did not. My ignorance grew into amazement as I read. The slip bore the words:

"I have bought Crown Diamond.
What's the limit? WILTON."

"I certainly don't understand," I said. "What does it mean?"

"The man who wrote it ought to know," growled Doddridge Knapp, with his eyes flashing and the yellow-gray mustache standing out like bristles. The fangs of the Wolf were in sight.

"Well, you'll have to look somewhere else for him," I said firmly. "I never saw the note, and never bought a share of Crown Diamond."

Doddridge Knapp bent forward, and looked for an instant as though he would leap upon me. His eye was the eye of a wild beast in anger. If I had written that note I should have gone through the window without stopping for explanations. As I had not I sat there coolly and looked him in the face with an easy conscience.

"Well, well," he said at last, relaxing his gaze, "I almost believe you."

"There's no use going any farther, Mr. Knapp, unless you believe me altogether."

"I see you understand what I was going to say," he said quietly. "But if you didn't send that, who did?"

"Well, if I were to make a guess, I should say it was the man who wrote this."

I tossed him in turn the note I had received in the afternoon, bidding me sell everything.

The King of the Street looked at it carefully, and his brows drew lower and lower as its import dawned on him.

"Where did you get this?"

I detailed the circumstances.

The anger that flashed in his eyes was more eloquent than the outbreak of curses I expected to hear.

"Um?" he said at last with a grim smile. "It's lucky, after all, that you had something besides cotton in that skull of yours, Wilton."

"A fool might have been caught by it," I said modestly.

"There looks to be trouble ahead," he said. "There's a rascally gang in the market these days." And the King of the Street sighed over the dishonesty that had corrupted the stock gambler's trade.

"Well, who wrote them?" he asked almost fiercely. "They seem to come from the same hand."

"Maybe you'd better ask that fellow who had his eye at your keyhole when I left the office this noon."

"Who was that?" The Wolf gave a startled look. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"He was a well-made, quick, lithe fellow, with an eye that reminded me of a snake. I gave chase to him, but couldn't overhaul him."

The last part of my tale was unheard. At the description of the snake-eyed man, Doddridge Knapp sank back in his chair, the flash of anger died out of his eyes, and his mind was far away.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he said at last, in a steady voice.

"I didn't suppose it was worth coming

back for, after I got into the street. And, besides, you were busy."

"Yes, yes, you were right: you are not to come—of course, of course."

The King of the Street looked at me curiously, and then said smoothly:

"But this isn't business." And he plunged into the papers once more. "There were over nine thousand shares sold this afternoon, and I got only five thousand of them."

"I suppose Decker picked the others up," I said.

The King of the Street did me the honor to look at me in amazement.

"Decker?" he roared. "How did you—?" Then he paused and his voice dropped to its ordinary tone. "I reckon you're right. What gave you the idea?"

I frankly detailed my conversation with Wallbridge.

I had hardly finished my account when there was a knock at the door, and the servant appeared.

"Mrs. Knapp's compliments, and she would like to see Mr. Wilton when you are done," he said.

I could with difficulty repress an exclamation, and my heart climbed into my throat. I was ready to face the Wolf in his den, but here was a different matter. I recalled that Mrs. Knapp was a more intimate acquaintance of Henry Wilton's than Doddridge Knapp had been, and I saw Niagara ahead of my skiff.

"Yes, yes; quite likely," said my employer, referring to my story of Wallbridge. "I heard something of the kind from my men. I'll know to-morrow for certain, I expect. I forgot to tell you that the ladies would want to see you. They have missed you lately." And the Wolf motioned me to the door where the servant waited.

Here was a predicament. I was missed and wanted—and by the ladies. My heart dropped back from my throat, and I felt it throbbing in the lowest recesses of my boot-heels as I rose and followed my guide.

CHAPTER XII

LUELLA KNAPP

As the door swung open, my heart almost failed me. I had not counted on an interview with the women of Doddridge Knapp's family. I had, to be sure, vaguely foreseen the danger to come from meeting them, but I had been confident that it would be easy to avoid them. And now, in the face of the emergency, my resources had failed me, and I was walking into Mrs. Knapp's reception-room without the glimmer of an idea of how I should find my way out.

Two women rose to greet me as I entered the room.

"Good evening," said the elder woman, holding out her hand. "You have neglected us for a long time." There was something of reproach as well as civility in the voice.

Mrs. Doddridge Knapp, for I had no doubt it was she who greeted me, was large of frame but well-proportioned, and stood erect, vigorous, with an air of active strength rare in one of her years. Her age was, I supposed, near forty-five. Her face was strong and resolute, yet it was with the strength and resolution of a woman, not of a man. Altogether she looked a fit mate for Doddridge Knapp.

"Yes," I replied, adjusting my manner nicely to hers, "I have been very busy."

As she felt the touch of my hand and heard the sound of my voice, I thought I saw a look of surprise, apprehension and hesitation in her eyes. If it was there it was gone in an instant, and she replied gaily:

"Busy? How provoking of you to say so! You should never be too busy to take the commands of the ladies."

"That is why I am here," I interrupted with my best bow. But she continued without noting it:

"Luella wagered with me that you would make that excuse. I expected something more original."

"I am very sorry," I said, with a reflection of the bantering air she had assumed.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the younger woman, to whom my eyes had turned as Mrs. Knapp spoke her name. "How very unkind of you to say so, when I have just won a pair of gloves by it. Good evening to you!" And she held out her hand.

It was with a strong effort that I kept my self-possession, as for the first time I clasped the hand of Luella Knapp.

Was it the thrill of her touch, the glance of her eye, or the magnetism of her presence, that set my pulses beating to a new measure, and gave my spirit a breath from a new world? Whatever the cause, as I looked into the clear-cut face and the frank gray eyes of the woman before me, I was swept by a flood of emotion that was near overpowering my self-control.

Nor was it altogether the emotion of pleasure that was roused within me. As I looked into her eyes, I had the pain of seeing myself in a light that had not as yet come to me. I saw myself not the friend of Henry Wilton, on the high mission of bringing to justice the man who had foully sent him to death. In that flash I saw Giles Dudley hiding under a false name, entering this house to seek for another link in the chain that would drag this girl's father to the gallows and turn her life to bitterness and misery. And in the reflection from the clear depths of the face before me I saw Impostor and Spy written large on my forehead.

I mastered the emotion in a moment and took the seat to which she had waved me.

Can I describe her? Of what use to try? She was not beautiful, and "pretty" was too petty a word to apply to Luella Knapp. "Fine looking," if said with the proper emphasis, might give some idea of her appearance, for she was tall in figure, with features impressive in their attractiveness. Yet her main charm was in the light that her spirit and intelligence threw on her face; and this no one can describe.

The brightness of her speech did not disappoint the expectation I had thus formed of her. I followed her lead in the conversational channel, giving but a guiding oar when it turned toward acquaintances she held in common with Henry Wilton, or events that had interested them together.

Through it all the idea that Miss Knapp was regarding me with a hidden disapproval was growing on me. I decided that Henry had made some uncommon blunder on his last visit and that I was suffering the penalty for it.

I was unconscious of the flight of time until Mrs. Knapp turned from some other guests and walked toward us.

"Come, Henry," she said pointedly, "Luella is not to monopolize you all the time. Besides, there's Mr. Inman dying to speak to her."

I promptly hated Mr. Inman with all my heart and felt not the slightest objection to his demise; but at her gesture of command I rose and accompanied Mrs. Knapp, as a young man with eye-glasses and a smirk came to take my place. I left Luella Knapp, congratulating myself over my cleverness in escaping the pitfalls that lined my way.

"Now I've a chance to speak to you at last," said Mrs. Knapp.

"At your service," I bowed. "I owe you something."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Knapp raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"For your kind recommendation to Mr. Knapp."

"My recommendation? You have a little the advantage of me."

I was stricken with painful doubts, and the cold sweat started upon me. Perhaps this was not Mrs. Knapp after all.

"Oh, perhaps you didn't mean it," I said.

"Indeed I did, if it was a recommendation. I'm afraid it was unconscious, though. Mr. Knapp does not consult me about his business."

I was in doubt no longer. It was the injured pride of the wife that spoke in the tone.

"I'm none the less obliged," I said carelessly. "He assured me that he acted on your words."

"What on earth are you doing for Mr. Knapp?" she asked earnestly, dropping her half-bantering tone. There was a trace of apprehension in her eyes.

"I'm afraid Mr. Knapp wouldn't think your recommendations were quite justified if I should tell you. Just get him in a corner and ask him."

"I suppose it is that dreadful stock market."

She shuddered as she looked about her, as though in fancy she saw herself turned from the palace into the street.

"Mr. Knapp is not a man to lose," I said.

"Mr. Knapp is a strong man," she said with a proud straightening of her figure. "But the whirlpool can suck down the strongest swimmer."

"But I suspect Mr. Knapp makes whirlpools instead of swimming into them," I said meaningly.

"Ah, Henry," she said sadly, "how often have I told you that the best plan may come to ruin in the market? It may not take much to start a boulder rolling down the mountain-side, but who is to tell it to stop when once it is set going?"

"I think," said I, smiling, "that Mr. Knapp would ride the boulder and find himself in a gold mine at the end of the journey."

"Perhaps. But you're not telling me what Mr. Knapp is doing."

"He can tell you much better than I."

"No doubt," she said, with a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

"And here he comes to do it, I expect," I said, as the tall figure of the King of the Street appeared in the doorway opposite.

"I'm afraid I shall have to depend on the newspapers," she said. "Mr. Knapp

is as much afraid of a woman's tongue as you are. Oh," she continued after a moment's pause, "I was going to make you give an account of yourself; but since you will tell nothing I must introduce you to my cousin, Mrs. Bowser." And she led me, unresisting, to a short, sharp-featured woman of sixty or thereabouts, who rustled her silks, and in a high, thin voice professed herself charmed to see me.

She might have claimed and held the record as the champion of the conversational ring. I had never met her equal before, nor have I met one to surpass her since.

I looked across the room to the corner where Luella was entertaining the insignificant Inman. How vivacious and intelligent she appeared! Her face and figure grew on me in attractiveness, and I felt that I was being very badly used. As I came to this point I was roused by the sound of two low voices that just behind me were plainly audible under the shrill treble of Mrs. Bowser. They were women with their heads close in gossip.

"Shocking, isn't it?" said one.

"Dreadful!" said the other. "It gives me the creeps to think of it."

"Why don't they lock him up? Such a creature shouldn't be allowed to go at large."

"Oh, you see, maybe they can't be sure about it. But I've heard it's a case of family pride."

I was recalled from this dialogue by Mrs. Bowser's fan on my arm, and her shrill voice in my ear with, "What is your idea about it, Mr. Wilton?"

"I think you are perfectly right," I said heartily, as she paused for an answer.

"Then I'll arrange it with the others at once," she said.

This was a bucket of ice-water on me. I had not the first idea to what I had committed myself.

"No, don't," I said. "Wait till we have time to discuss it again."

"Oh, we can decide on the time when-

ever you like. Will some night week after next suit you?"

I had to throw myself on the mercy of the enemy.

"I'm afraid I'm getting rather absent-minded," I said humbly. "I was looking at Miss Knapp and lost the thread of the discourse for a minute."

"That's what I was talking about," she said sharply,—"about taking her and the rest of us through Chinatown."

"Yes, yes. I remember," I said unblushingly. "If I can get away from business, I'm at your service at any time."

Then Mrs. Bowser wandered on with the arrangements she would find necessary to make, and I heard one of the low voices behind me:

"Now this is a profound secret, you know. I wouldn't have them know for the world that any one suspects. I just heard it this week, myself."

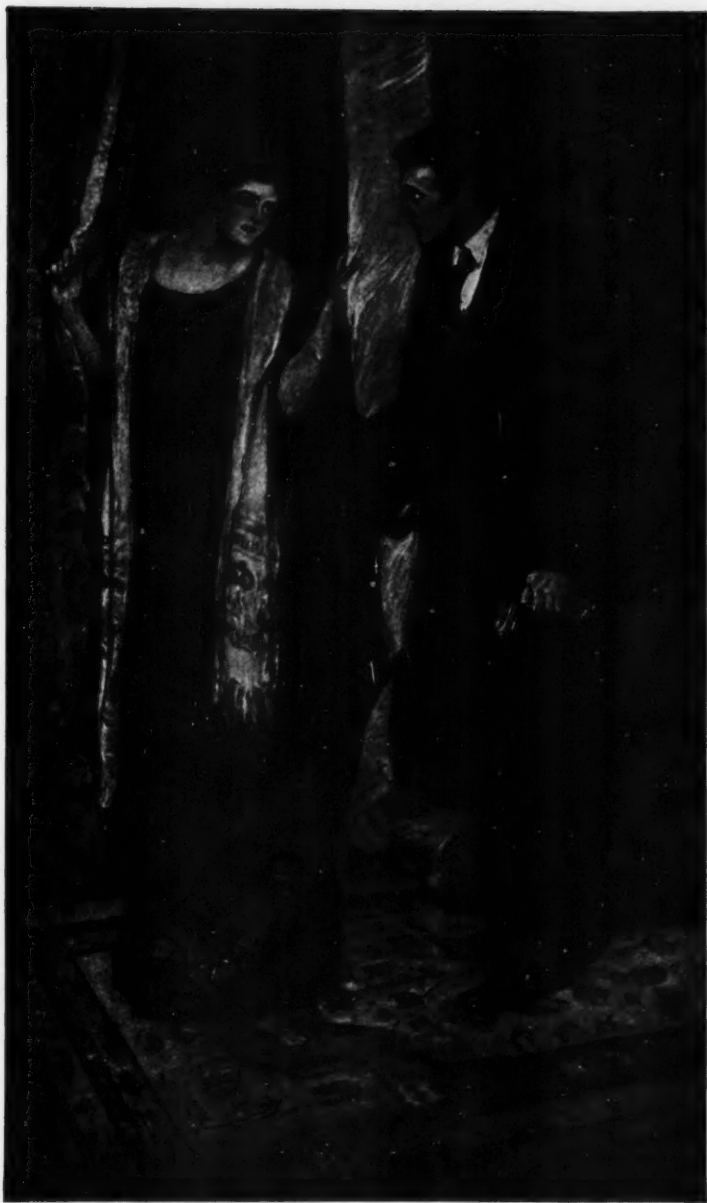
"Oh, I wouldn't dare breathe it to a soul," said the other. "But I'm sure I shan't sleep a wink to-night." And they moved away.

I interrupted Mrs. Bowser to explain that I must speak to Mrs. Knapp, and made my escape as some one stopped to pass a word with her.

"Oh, must you go, Henry?" said Mrs. Knapp. "Well, you must come again soon. We miss you when you stay away. Don't let Mr. Knapp keep you too closely."

I professed myself happy to come whenever I could find the time, and looked about for Luella. She was nowhere to be seen. I left the room a little disappointed, but with a swelling of pride that I had passed the dreaded ordeal and had been accepted as Henry Wilton in the house in which I had most feared to meet disaster.

As I passed down the hall, a tall willowy figure stepped from the shadow of the stair. My heart gave a bound of delight. It was Luella Knapp. I should have the pleasure of a leave-taking in private.



Drawing by Alice Barber Stephens

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"WHO ARE YOU?" BROKE FROM HER LIPS ALMOST FIERCELY

"Oh, Miss Knapp!" I said. "I had despaired of having the chance to bid you good night." And I held out my hand.

She ignored the hand. I could see from her heaving bosom and shortened breath that she was laboring under great agitation.

"I was waiting for you," she said in a low voice.

I started to express my gratification, when she interrupted me.

"Who are you?" broke from her lips almost fiercely.

I was completely taken aback, and stared at her in amazement, with no word at command.

"You are not Henry Wilton," she said rapidly. "You have come here with his name and his clothes, and made up to look like him, and you try to use his voice and take his place. Who are you?"

There was a depth of scorn and anger and apprehension in that low voice of hers that struck me dumb.

"Can you not answer?" she demanded, catching her breath with excitement. "You are not Henry Wilton."

"Well?" I said half-inquiringly. It was not safe to advance or retreat.

"Well—! well—!" She repeated my answer, with indignation and disdain deepening in her voice. "Is that all you have to say for yourself?"

"What should I say?" I replied quietly. "You make an assertion. Is there anything more to be said?"

"Oh, you may laugh at me if you please, because you can hoodwink the others."

I protested that laughter was the last thing I was thinking of at the moment.

Then she burst out impetuously:

"Oh, if I were only a man! No; if I were a man I should be hoodwinked like the rest. But you can not deceive me. Who are you? What are you here for? What are you trying to do?"

She was blazing with wrath. Her tone had raised hardly an interval of the scale, but every word that came in that smooth, low voice was heavy with contempt and anger. It was the true daughter of the Wolf who stood before me.

"I am afraid, Miss Knapp, you are not well to-night," I said soothingly.

"What have you done with Henry Wilton?" she asked fiercely. "Don't try to speak with his voice. Drop your disguise. You are no actor. You are no more like him than—"

The simile failed her in her wrath.

"Satyr to Hyperion," I quoted bitterly. "Make it strong, please."

"Oh, where is he? What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing has happened," I said calmly, determining at last to brazen it out. I could not tell her the truth. "My name is Henry Wilton."

She looked at me in anger a moment, and then a shadow of dread and despair settled over her face.

"Go!" she said. "I hope I may never see you again!" And she turned and ran swiftly up the stair.

And I went out into the night with a heavier load of depression than I had borne since I entered the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

NEW DRAWINGS BY REGINALD BIRCH ILLUSTRATING SCENES IN THE
LIVES OF SOME OF DICKENS' GREATEST CHARACTERS

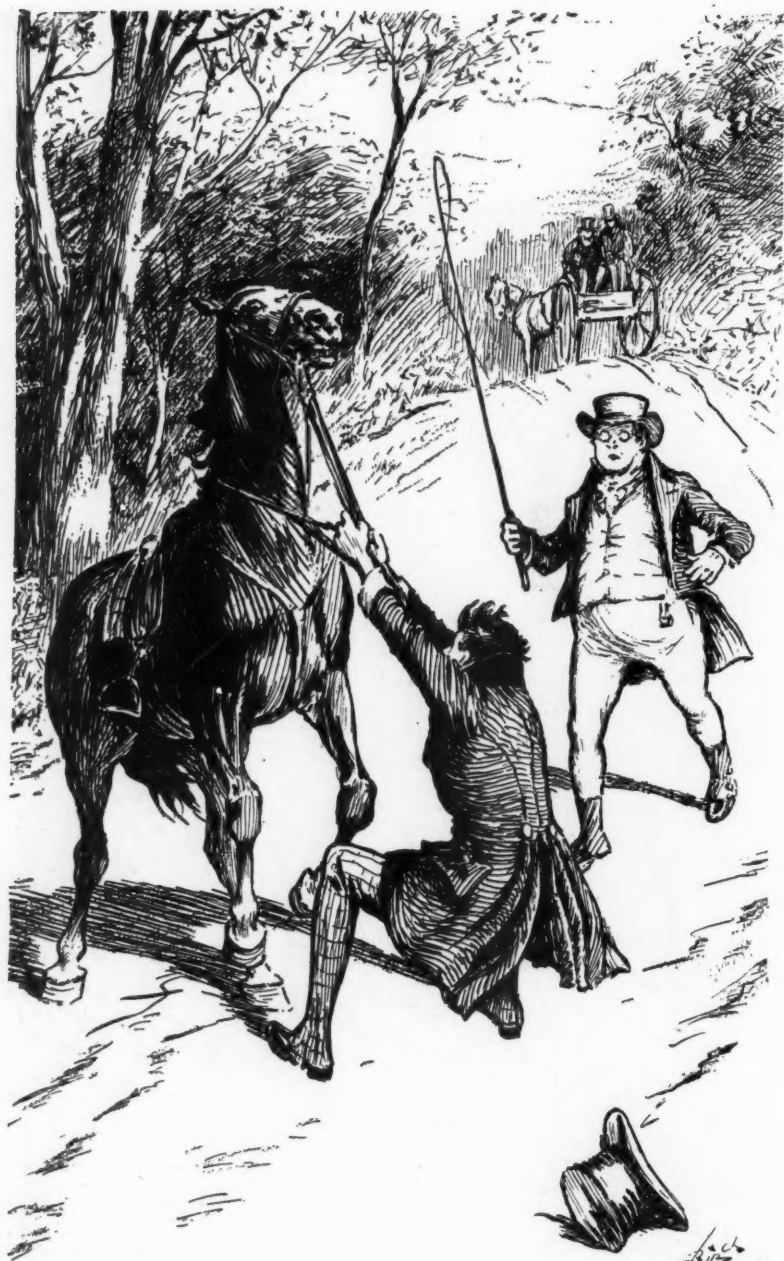


"BARNABY RUDGE"
Barnaby and "Grip," his raven



"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

Little Nell and her grandfather meet the Punch-and-Judy man



"PICKWICK PAPERS"
Mr. Winkle's adventure with the horse



"HARD TIMES"

Mr. Gradgrind surprises his offspring indulging in forbidden pleasures

AN ASSISTANT MUSE

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

AUTHOR OF "HULDA," "RETURN," ETC.

VANCE stopped in the door of the restaurant and glanced idly up and down the street. He had just finished his lunch. It was midsummer, and the town was as deserted as a ballroom on Sunday. He wondered idly whether it wouldn't be a good thing for him to run down, or up, as the case might be, to one of the summer resorts for a week or two.

Suddenly he became aware that he was apparently obstructing the traffic of the restaurant. A young woman had paused beside him; and when he stepped back with a murmured excuse, she did not go on.

"I beg your pardon," she said a little hurriedly. "I know it is absurd of me, but there is no one here to introduce us, and I'm just going to speak to you any how."

She came to a helpless pause, and Vance saved the situation with, "I should be delighted to be of any service to you, Miss Whitney."

"Of course," she rejoined in a relieved tone, "you'd know who I am, and I feel awfully well acquainted with you through reading your poems, you know."

Vance bowed and thanked her. His honors as a poet were still new enough to be very sweet to him.

"It is wonderful, isn't it," she went on, "how two minds will flow in the same channel? So many lovely ideas suggested in your verses have been sacred thoughts of my own for the longest while; but you have put them in verse so beautifully, and I never could do that, of course."

Stanley was rather acutely conscious that many ideas in his verses had been the common property of mankind for

ages; but he thanked her becomingly and admitted that it was indeed remarkable that they, who had never met until this time, had been thinking the same thoughts; quite Peter Ibbetsonish.

"Oh! Do you love Peter Ibbetson, too?" she asked, with a quick upward glance. "I believe we *have* been thinking the same thoughts!"

"Perhaps we have," agreed Vance; adding gallantly, "only I imagine you have been thinking miles above me."

"Do you know," she said smilingly, "that although I felt so well acquainted with you, and hoped you would know at once who I am, I should never have had courage to speak to you to-day if I hadn't had something valuable to give you?"

Again that swift upward glance which seemed to be characteristic; then she looked pensively down the street. She had long thick eyelashes, with a distinct curve to them. Her lower eyelid was almost straight, the upper, widely arched, giving her eyes a look of continual wonderment that was altogether charming.

Vance became so involved in these observations that he rather disregarded the information contained in her last remark. She waited for some comment or reply, and then repeated it. Vance bowed, and for want of something better echoed: "Something to give to me?"

"Yes," she said, "it is an idea for a poem. Something fresh, you know, and unhackneyed—"The Golden Chain of Friendship." She paused, apparently with a view to letting this statement sink in.

During this pause she continued to look

at her victim; and Vance, divided between an effort to keep a serious countenance and to make a lightning calculation as to just how long those lashes of hers were, neglected to express proper appreciation of her generosity.

"I think it will make a lovely poem," she said with a dignity which suggested slight offense. "Don't you see? It is like this," and she slipped through her fingers the long chain to which her fan was attached.

Vance did not see, so he merely smiled comprehensively. "I am to write some verses about your fan, or your chain—which?"

"Nonsense," she rejoined rather sharply; and he observed that, whatever else the little woman might be, she was thoroughly practical. "It hasn't anything to do with my fan or my chain; it's 'Friendship's Golden Chain.' I thought of it in the night, after I had been reading your book all the evening. It's so sweet, and so perfectly new, that I wish I were a poet so I might write it myself."

"I am sure you could," murmured Vance, and wished devoutly that she would, and would let it go at that, so far as he might be concerned.

She stared at him for a moment, and her eyes were so charming, with just that expression of half-offended surprise, that Vance, relenting, sought hurriedly for some further remark which should continue to call it forth.

"I," she said, "I, write it? How absurd. Now listen, so you may get my 'chain' fancy. It's so novel that you may not catch it at first. The links are our kind actions, don't you see? The loving thoughts we have for each other—well—altogether, they make a chain. Why, I should think anybody could write a poem about that!"

Vance had an abiding dread of being bored. He was particularly apprehensive concerning society girls. He knew Dorothy Whitney only as a very popular

young person, a wealthy man's daughter, and, as any observer could see, extremely pretty. He was, therefore, more astonished at himself than displeased even, when he found at the close of the interview that he had undertaken to write, according to her idea, a poem on "The Golden Chain of Friendship," provided she would lend him her aid.

Dorothy, who appeared eager to see a real poet "in action," said, with a fine recklessness, that he might call any evening he chose—that evening if possible, since they were only in town for a week more.

Vance wondered at himself when he found he had accepted this privilege; he called himself a fool, and decided, as he sat at his desk in the office of a city daily, that he would get decently out of the engagement, or break it outright. The latter, he concluded, would be the better plan, as it would settle the silly matter for all time.

Then, after dinner, he amended his toilet with painstaking care, and found himself in the vicinity of the Whitney mansion so early that he was obliged to make a little detour to lengthen his walk before it was a suitable hour to ring the bell.

The house was open, in summer fashion; and all the Whitney family, with a half-dozen young neighbors, were sitting on the big colonial porch. Vance had to run the gauntlet of many introductions, feeling unpleasantly certain that his absurd errand was known.

When Dorothy said significantly, "Come, Mr. Vance, we can't afford to waste time with these frivolous people," and ushered him into the library, he was hot and uncomfortable. On a broad table was a conscientious array of pens, ink, paper, blotters, pencils, pads, pen-trays and inkstands, at sight of which Vance laughed a sort of wincing little laugh.

Of course, if any one desired a *tête-à-tête* with Dorothy Whitney (and she was winning enough to beguile most men into

such a frame of mind), this would be a comparatively easy way to obtain it; but why in the world should he, Stanley Vance, want to sit in a stuffy room, on a sweltering July evening, and hammer out doggerel verses for the sake of looking at a pretty girl?

Miss Whitney was evidently not to be trifled with. She sat down at once with a calm, business-like air. "Which do you prefer, pen or pencil?" she asked briskly.

And when he answered nervously, "Either—anything—it doesn't make any difference," she raised her handsome eyebrows a line and said, with a shrug that conveyed some reproof, "Now I should have fancied, from reading your book, that you were a quite decided person."

Vance believed religiously that he was never able to write anything worth reading except in his own room, wearing one particularly shabby and disreputable coat, and using a pen that has been his property for ten years. He even indulged in qualms about the size and particular shade of paper he wrote on; wanted a left-hand light; wouldn't pen a couplet before midnight, and had his dull times and dry times and off times when the thought of writing at all made him ill; so he smiled idiotically in reply to this observation, and said, "Oh, never mind me; I could write on a clothes-line in a high wind,—as somebody puts it."

Later, under the stimulus of Dorothy Whitney's well-planted suggestions and observations (and before the evening was over he admitted that she was a born commander of men), he found himself scribbling savagely away, putting things upon paper which so astonished him that he was fain to doubt his own identity. Heretofore his verse-making had been merely a diversion. He had written when he felt the impulse, nor conceived that any one could do otherwise. Now he realized what it is to make a plain statement in rhyme, as a cobbler would make a piece of leather into a pair of shoes.

After nearly an hour of this sweating labor Vance had an inspiration. He drew his hand lightly across his forehead two or three times and sighed.

"You're tired!" exclaimed Miss Whitney, with quick observant sympathy. "Does your head ache?"

"A little," admitted Vance, with a guilty twinge.

"How perfectly horrid of me!" cried Dorothy. "I might have known that such work as yours does not require you to sit and hammer away at it as I do at battenberg. Do you care for music?"

It happened that Vance did care very much for music. So much that he was a little afraid to hear Dorothy Whitney play; but he need not have been.

With quiet efficiency Dorothy settled him in a big chair with his back to the light. "Now," she said, "I'm going into the other room and sing to you a little, very softly. Father says that I can sometimes cure his headache so."

She had a nice little voice, a dear, pathetic little voice, not fit for a public hall or choir, but made to soothe tired nerves. The kind of voice in which you may imagine a mother crooning to her baby, or a happy housewife singing over her work. She accompanied herself discreetly. In her efforts to divert Stanley she used her small talent to the best advantage.

When she had finished he begged for more, and afterward they drifted out to the porch. The young people had gone, and Mrs. Whitney was sitting alone.

Dorothy Whitney's mother was a plain, quiet woman, but a woman of brains and ability. Mother and daughter were close companions, and thought along the same lines. Vance felt himself oddly attracted toward the two practical, well-balanced minds, differing so widely from his own in their development and point of view.

The three soon fell to talking of the real, serious issues of life, of love and the chances of happiness in this world. As the conversation progressed, Vance, who

was moved to unusual freedom of expression by the frankness he found in both women, realized that he and Dorothy had, indeed, been all their lives thinking the same thoughts, dreaming the same dreams, but with a difference.

Dorothy was intensely—in so delicately pretty a creature it seemed almost comically—practical; while Stanley Vance lacked practicality as utterly as a man could, and remain a forcible character.

When he had said good night, he promised—still rather surprised at himself—to spend his vacation at the summer resort where the Whitneys were to stay. From that time on the acquaintance, or the friendship, as it might properly be called, ripened rapidly. "Friendship's Golden Chain" was completed, with much incidental golf and tennis. By the time the last stanza was done Dorothy had developed another idea which seemed to her equally delightful, and which, in its elaboration, caused Vance many secret groans. This finished, she fell into the habit of giving him, from time to time, a crippled quatrain to patch, or a bit of prose to cobble into rhyme.

As he grew seriously fond of her his sense of guilt increased. That he must allow her to think these trite and time-worn suggestions of hers were valuable to him, became very hard for Vance to bear. He felt sometimes, when poor Dorothy brought out another of her inspired fancies, and gave him the sacred privilege of clothing it in words, the pained tenderness that a mother feels for a child when she tells it that its clumsy efforts are really assisting her.

A thing which added, rather absurdly, to his sense of iniquity was that, inspired by his growing love for her, he was writing (on the sly, he called it) the best verse he had ever written.

It was after he had known her nearly a year, after she had furnished topics for enough doggerel poems to make a full volume, that Vance finally rebelled.

His new volume was out, and the critics were saying good things of him. Half a dozen poems in the book were equal to a declaration of his love for Dorothy Whitney, and he felt sure she would recognize this. He called one evening and found her with the open book in her lap. She looked up at him with troubled eyes.

"It's all very, very lovely, Stanley," she said, "but it isn't the least bit like the poetry you and I have been writing together, and there isn't one of those poems in it. Why didn't you have 'Friendship's Golden Chain' printed in here? You said you thought it was very successful."

Vance knelt down beside her. "Now, sweetheart," he said, "don't be angry, and don't be hurt, but just listen to a sinful man's confession. That stuff you and I hammered out was vile trash, and the ideas were as old—as old—as love itself."

"As love itself!" echoed Dorothy. "Why do you say that, Stanley?"

"I suppose," Vance answered softly, "that the word suggests itself because there was nothing in the whole matter but love—love at first sight. I wanted to see you and talk to you, and writing stuff to amuse you seemed to be the only way to do so as much as I wanted to—or, anyhow, the most natural way—"

"Why," inquired Dorothy quietly, "couldn't you just have seen me and talked to me as you do to other people without telling those—"

"Lies," supplied Vance contritely. "I know that's what you think them—in a sense it's what they were. Of course, you can't do anything but hate me."

"I don't see," rejoined Dorothy, "what my hating or loving you would have to do with the case. You said when we were writing the things that they were good; and now you say they are not. Which is true?"

"They're good enough of the sort," allowed Vance almost desperately. "Lots of things are good, and still are not poetry. There are recipes for omelets and

"Thirty days hath September"; nobody thinks they are wicked; but surely nobody thinks they're poetry either."

"There was nothing about omelets in them," rejoined Dorothy, a trifle bewildered.

"No," agreed Vance, "no omelets in them, and no poetry either—they were just rhymed remarks."

Dorothy laid Vance's new, successful book (which inferentially had poetry in it) on the table beside her. "Well," she began—

"Dearest," broke in Vance, "you know I love you. If you can forgive me—if you can love me enough to forget this, and let us begin over, when we're married—when we belong to each other—we can *live* poetry, and we won't worry any more about writing it—will we?"

But it has been said that Dorothy was a practical soul. She rose and went to the desk where Vance saw all their recently-made verses neatly packed up. "Then all this 'stuff,' as you call it, is mine, is it?" she asked, indicating "Friendship's Golden Chain," "Faith's Anchor," and other hardware and jewelry, as represented in their goods of joint manufacture.

Vance looked conscience-stricken. "You can't help detesting me, can you?" he questioned with real pain in his voice,

"But is it—" insisted Dorothy earnestly, "is it mine? Can I take it and sign any

name to it I please, and dispose of it in any way I choose?"

Vance felt a great rush of pity for her. That round white chin of hers meant endless courage, he knew. "You brave little woman!" he cried. "Of course it is all yours; but you can't sell such a mess as that."

Vance says now, with a sort of whimsical bitterness, that there is one whole class of editor who is so distrustful of his own judgment that, unless an idea has stood the test of time, unless it has been published continuously in various incarnations since the first publications were made on hides and barks—on stones and walrus tusks—he will not accept it.

By this same token Mrs. Vance (born Whitney) bought all the furnishings for their house (that dear little house of theirs, which to these two can never be like any other structure built by man) with the proceeds of her volume "Friendship's Golden Chain, and Other Poems."

She called them "poems," you see! What is more, she continues to evolve ideas for similar poems; and now that she is Mrs. Vance, she still insists on her husband's working them out. Then she sells them. She knows her market, even if she doesn't know she knows it.

Vance asserts that it would have been the same if she had decided to become a sculptor or an arctic explorer—she was not born, he says, for failure.

GIFTS

By Samuel McCoy

UNFATHOMED Spirit that to-night hast given
Thoughts that know kinship with this April gale,
Thoughts allied to these flying night-clouds riven
Dizzily high with wild moon-radiance pale,
Tell me, thou Spirit, why to clay thou lendest
This inward tumult like the tempest's form,
Strong, seeming strong, till nobler ties thou sendest—
Rare friends whose quiet wills transcend the storm?

FORESTRY

THE WORK THAT IS BEING DONE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE NATION'S TIMBERLAND—SCOPE OF THE TASK, AND STORY OF THE MEN WHO ARE SAVING THE WOODS

By Thomas R. Shipp

A GROUP of well-informed men—bankers—whom a national convention had brought together in the city of Washington, was sitting in the lobby of a well-known hotel informally discussing what each of the party regarded as the most important internal problem of this country. One prosperous Indianian was of opinion that it was the regulation of railroad rates. Another of the group, this one imbued with the "Iowa idea," said he thought the tariff question held preference. Suddenly, a clear-eyed, clean-cut young man, who seemed not to be of the group, spoke up.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a smile, "Would you like to know what President Roosevelt has said is the most vital internal problem of this country?"

Of course they wanted to know; and the young man of pleasing countenance was at once the object of attention.

"Well," he continued, with assurance, "the President has said, 'the most vital internal problem of the United States is, in many ways, the forest problem.'"

There was an exchange of doubting glances. It was evident after that remark that they were all "from Missouri." The young man rose, smiling at the effect of his words, and bade the bankers good evening.

"Who was that fellow?" ventured one of the company.

"That," responded a Treasury officer, "is Gifford Pinchot, the man who looks after the preservation of Uncle Sam's trees."

A frank confession among the delegates revealed an ignorance of forest work,

denser than forests primeval. But the statement of the President was so radical and the suggestion so interesting that the delegates agreed to hunt up, on the morrow, the office of the Forest Service and to investigate for themselves the country's most vital internal problem.

In an everyday-looking office building in F Street they found a beehive of busy men, they heard the click of many typewriters and they saw room after room honey-combed with files, while baskets full of letters came and went. That is Uncle Sam's Forest Service. No; it is only the office of the service, the brains of it, the clerical part of it, the dynamo room of it, the point from which the affairs of the millions of acres of the government's vast wooded tracts are administered. It is the practical side of the most practical and at the same time the most picturesque phase of this government's internal work. When the enlightened and recently re-enlightened group of financial men left the building they said, "The President is right."

This ignorance of the bankers only illustrates the very faint conception the general public has of what the government is doing in its forestry department. In the first place, the forest reservations under direct control of the Forest Service and over which it has absolute control embraces more than one hundred million acres, an area greater than the combined area of the states of Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia and South Carolina! Think of that a minute. Besides, the estimated

acreage of wooded tracts over which the government has assumed temporary control, more than twelve million acres, would add an area greater than that of the states of Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey and Rhode Island! Then there would be left an estimated forest area, which the government hopes to look after, of approximately four hundred million acres, which, if put all together, would convert into one big woods every foot of the territory east of the Mississippi River and south of the Great Lakes, including every coast state south of New York. Just look that up on your map!

What is the government doing in all this vast area? Growing fancy trees and teaching cities how to beautify their parks? That is what a great many otherwise well-informed persons believe. But they could not be in greater error if they thought the Treasury Department existed only for the benefit of coin collectors, or that the principal purpose of the Navy Department was to teach men to swim. Yet there is no secret about the Forest Service; in fact, the widest publicity is courted. The Government wants your help, and the help of your neighbor. The earnest co-operation of every citizen is needed in the forestry work the federal authorities have undertaken to do, for the Government authorities say the public must be educated along this line or the American forest will soon be no more.

But while it must be sentiment that will save the forests, there is nothing sentimental, nor æsthetic, nor artistic about it. Back of forestry work are practical ideas, practical results. Of course, the service encourages the planting of trees for the purpose of beautification. But that is not the main issue. It is to preserve the forest for the farmer in order that he may get the greatest good of it, not only in beauty, but in hard dollars. It is to stop the men who are cutting trees indiscriminately; it is to curb the woodman who is swinging his axe at a rate that threatens to leave a waste of timberless land to the public when

it shall have finally awakened to the necessity of forest preservation.

The fact that schools and colleges are teaching forestry has even in some—happily remote—instances prejudiced the work of the Forest Service. But as surely as the science of farming and the scientific farmer have come to stay, so the science of forestry and the scientific forester are coming to be acknowledged. And the people are beginning to recognize forestry work. This is shown by the files of the Forest Service at Washington. But the recognition comes slowly, and the question is whether the axe of the woodman may not, after all, outstrip the calipers of the forest graduate.

How does the Government propose to stop this wasteful cutting of timber? For it distinctly does propose to stop it. This is what it says:

First. By the example of great Government forest tracts, properly administered.

Second. By the co-operation of corporations and individual owners of forest tracts.

Third. By the education of the people in general to a realization of not only the value, but of the *necessity* of forest preservation.

A slow process, do you say? Well, perhaps. Yet the responses to the call the Government has sent out have more than doubled the work of the Forest Service, which now finds itself unable to act on one-half the appeals for assistance. Each year railroads and lumber companies and private individuals are asking for more help. Each year the corps of workmen, very small when compared with the work in hand and the value of the effort, is enlarged, and each year sees more practical returns.

The general government has recognized the value of the work, and yearly Congress is giving Mr. Pinchot an increased appropriation for the use of his bureau. And Mr. Pinchot is not a lobbyist for fat appropriations. These appropriations are quickly turned into more workmen and

bigger surveying parties and into a larger field of work. For the Forest Service lacks not opportunity. At this moment the service has more than two hundred applications for instruction which it has not been able to act on.

Another hopeful sign is that young

as student assistant has led the service to make a rule that no young man shall be considered for appointment unless he has definitely decided to make forestry his profession. Forestry *is* a profession, and a profession we are going to hear more and more about.



GIFFORD PINCHOT

Head of the United States Forest Service

men are showing an increased, if not an enthusiastic interest in forestry. This year, in making up his surveying parties, Mr. Pinchot was compelled to choose his thirty "student assistants" out of a field of two hundred young men. The increased number of applications for appointment

The young fellow who is "looking for a soft snap" need not apply, for the work of a student assistant is by no means easy. Nor will the Government afford a pleasant vacation in the open air for young men in broken health. It is not a picnic in the cool woods that the student



FORESTERS MAKING A TREE ANALYSIS

assistant will have. He will be in the cool woods in summer and the cold woods in winter. He will live in a tent, keep lumbermen's hours, as the somewhat discouraging official bulletin, entitled "suggestions to prospective forest students," reads. He will work with a "gang," get up at break of day, tramp the forest, swing an axe, measure with calipers, count "rings" on stumps and set down figures in a book when his fingers may be so cold that the figures he makes look like chicken tracks. He will do this day in and day out; at night, perhaps too far away to return to his tent, he will build a fire, eat bacon and hard tack, wrap himself in the blanket which he has carried all day, and dream of the folks at home. It is likely that he will do this the next day, and perhaps several other days. So there is good reason for the none too encouraging words of the bulletin, "bodily soundness

and endurance are absolutely essential for those who take up the work of a forest student."

However, the forest student will have good, wholesome "grub"—nothing fancy; he will obey his boss, a trained forester, and he will continue to do this, rain or shine, until March, or April, when, if he has done his work well, he will be taken to Washington—the Government pays his way there—where, in the Forest Service offices, he will help "figure out" what his party accomplished in the field. And when he arrives in Washington the chances are he will be stronger of limb, solider of muscle and clearer of eye and brain than those young men who have toiled over desks and papers all the year. For he has had exercise in the open air, plain diet and no dissipation. And besides he has received the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a month from Uncle Sam, who,

while the student is in camp, "finds" him. It is only the man with a weak constitution, or a "yellow streak" in him who is heard to complain of his forest experience. The son of a western college president lived the life of a forest student for a year, down in the marshes of the Southwest, dropped out of the work for a year, and last fall decided to make forestry his life's work and is now in the Yale school. This speaks well for the work, also for the young man.

The men at the head of the Forest Service are practical men; they deal in hard figures, in exact measurements, in accurate estimates. There is where the cold, practical side of this forestry business comes in. If you have a timber tract and don't know when a tree is worth most to you the foresters at Washington—if you ask them, and if they haven't too many

other applications—will send you men who "size up" a tree like a stock man sizes up an animal on the hoof. After a little measuring and figuring, about which you will not understand a thing, and which very probably you will think rather foolish, they will tell you just which trees to cut and which carefully to preserve, and when to cut those you have left standing. They will tell you how much timber for this, that or another purpose you will find in a certain tree and when to cut that tree for a particular purpose. By counting the rings on a stump they will tell you the age of the tree just as quickly and even more accurately than you, if you are a horseman, can tell the age of a horse by looking into its mouth. For, as any youngster knows whose ears have caught the first sharp crackle and then heard the long hard crash as some lofty old monarch of



GERMAN FOREST REPRODUCTION

Young pine, six years old, on the reserve near Darmstadt, Germany

the forest grandly swept to earth, the life of a tree is told by its rings, those wonderful markings of nature in the trunk of a tree. A ring for each year is the rule. The distance between the rings tells the growth of the tree that year. A good year's growth, a greater distance between the rings, and vice versa.

In their estimate of the available number of feet in the tree for this year or that, for this purpose or that, the foresters will tell you almost exactly in dollars and cents—the market value of lumber, of course, varies—how much money you ought to get for the trees on your land. Even more, they will tell you how much a tree grew each year since it was a young shoot. They will give you a guess on how big a tree which you have left standing will be so many years hence. To be sure, the latter will be a scientific guess—if science will permit such an expression—but all the other statements will be backed up by measurements and figures, charts, if necessary, and all by the science of forestry about which we in America are only just beginning to comprehend.

In Germany they are further along. They have had more years in which to study forestry. They have been reminded more forcibly—as we soon shall be—of the necessity for studying forest conditions and then proceeding on scientific lines with the preservation and cultivation of trees. There is school after school of forestry in Germany; there are hundreds of professional foresters, and practically every foot of German forest land is subject to forest regulations. It was from Germany that we got our first idea of forestry, and we are constantly returning to that country for ideas, suggestion and encouragement.

"In Germany when a tree is cut down another tree is planted." That saying is almost literally true. Perhaps, in fact, when a tree is cut *two* trees are planted, or, to be more accurate, the two trees are planted and are known to be healthily growing before the axe is brought into

requisition on the first tree. Accompanying illustrations will show how careful the Germans are to plant and cultivate young trees, and one of the photographs will show a good example of a stretch of western American country, entirely devastated of trees, old and young, and left without replanting.

But don't get the idea that the government forbids the cutting of trees, for it does not. It advises cutting. "Woodman, spare that tree," is not in great favor as a motto in the Forest Service. It is less epigrammatic, but more nearly expressive of the idea of the service to make it read, "Woodman, spare that tree until it shall have attained its greatest value as timber." The axe, the saw and the skids have places just as important in the forester's kit as the calipers, the steel tape and the table of figures. The main thing is to cut with sense. The practical forester will point out to you the self-evident truth that the best time to cut a tree is when that tree is of the greatest value to its owner. Who was it that gave voice to the homely axiom, "the best time to kill a hog is when he's fat."

The government says cut your trees, but cut them systematically—not here and there, as cattle graze when first turned into a fresh bluegrass pasture, but all through, scientifically. Sense, science and system are the three watchwords for a well administered and paying forest tract. If you don't know how to observe these the Forest Service is only too anxious to tell you in figures and measurements, and to prove what it says.

In the last five years forest owners have wantonly wasted millions of dollars in timber destroyed. The forest experts at Washington frankly say they do not expect a great many private owners of smaller forests to care for their property as it actually should be cared for. But they *do* expect corporations and States to look after their forest tracts more carefully than they have been doing. States can derive three per cent. on every forest



FORESTERS MAKING A VALUATION SURVEY

reserve they establish, says Mr. Alfred Gaskill, of the Forest Service at Washington. And this even in planting forests. Indiana has a new reserve of two thousand acres which is expected to pay. Pennsylvania is systematically planting trees under State control. California alone has a working forest area of twenty million five hundred thousand acres; Maryland is beginning the study of forestry; Massachusetts has a State forestry association dealing with specific problems in that State; New Hampshire is doing forestry field work. Extensive examinations have been made by the Forest Service in Alaska, and in 1903 the legislature of Hawaii passed a bill providing for an insular forest service and creating a Board of Agriculture and Forestry. Last year there was field work on eight forest tracts, with a total area of one million sixty-eight thousand acres, in Minnesota, New Hampshire, West Virginia, Alabama and Texas.

But the National Government can not chide the States on their tardiness, for it was only early last year that it decided to turn over its own timber lands to the Forest Service. Many large corporate and private owners were ahead of the Government in placing their forest tracts completely under Government control. Until February 1, 1905, the administration of the Government forest reserves was in the hands of the General Land Office of the Interior Department. This plan was never satisfactory. The Land Office was continually seeking the advice of the forest experts. The need of transferring the forest reserves to the Forest Service finally became so apparent that the last session of Congress made the change. The Forest Service immediately let it be known that the administration of forest reserves must be devoted to their most productive use, "for the permanent good of the whole people."

It is in these primeval tracts that the Government stations its patrols—men who, year in and year out, roam the forest solitudes. They are the policemen of the

reserves. Their work is heroic and invaluable.

To protect these reserves from the many dangers which continually threaten them the Government maintains at immense expense a thorough system of forest reserve administration. This forest force consists of forest supervisors, who draw salaries of from one thousand eight hundred dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars a year; deputy supervisors at from one thousand five hundred dollars to one thousand seven hundred dollars a year; rangers at from one thousand two hundred dollars to one thousand four hundred dollars; deputy rangers, who draw from one thousand dollars to one thousand one hundred dollars a year; assistant rangers, at from eight to nine hundred dollars a year, and guards who are paid all the way up to seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. These men constitute a permanent field force, and they find plenty of work to do. There are books to be kept, reports to be made, licenses to be issued, permits to be granted, disputes as to territory and the occupancy thereof to be settled, and, above all, the forest is to be protected from fire.

There is nothing more awfully beautiful than a forest fire. But the Government does not seem to see the beauty of it, for its most rigid regulations are directed toward fire prevention. I quote from the book of regulations: "Officers of the Forest Service, especially forest rangers, have no duty more important than protecting the reserves from forest fires. During dry and dangerous periods all other work should be subordinate. Most careful attention should be given to the prevention of fires." The Forest Service says, officially, "probably the greatest single benefit derived by the community and the nation from forest reserves is insurance against the destruction of property, timber resources and water supply by fire. The direct annual loss from this source on unprotected lands reaches many millions of dollars." The burden of pro-

tection can not, of course, be borne by the State or by its citizens, much as they have to gain. So through its watchful fire patrol the Government guards the property of the resident settler and the miner and preserves the timber and the water supply on which the prosperity of all industries depends.

The Government authorities say forest

you will see posted conspicuously all through the dense wooded tracts, wherever the foot of man is likely to tread.

The destruction of these notices is regarded by the Government as wilful trespass, and is punished accordingly. It is the business of the forest officer not only to advise all persons who come within his reach as to the rules of the reserve, but, as



FOREST DESTRUCTION IN THE WEST

Tract on East River, Idaho, cleared, cultivated and later abandoned

fires do not often result from wilful incendiarism, but from sheer carelessness. To guard against the carelessness of hunters, camping parties and travelers is the forest ranger's duty. The rangers keep in close touch, and on short notice are ready to help one another in fighting the common enemy. So very important is the prevention of forest fires that the Government has issued rules and regulations, which

the book of regulations reads, to "instruct them courteously in the proper way of building and handling fires." For the Government holds that "care with small fires is the best way to prevent large ones."

There is a maximum fine of five thousand dollars or two years' imprisonment, or both, for any person convicted of responsibility for the wilful setting of a fire on the public domain, or for suffering

a fire to burn unattended near any inflammable material. Severe? Yes, but not too severe when you consider the millions on millions of property at stake—property which could not again be accumulated in a generation. A fine of one thousand dollars, or one year imprisonment, or both, is prescribed for building a fire and leaving it before it is extinguished. So if you ever have the good fortune to get into a Government forest reserve be careful with your fires. It is the duty of every forest ranger to go at once to any fire he sees or hears of unless he is at the very time fighting another fire. The best tools for forest-fire fighting are the shovel, the mattock and the axe. The ranger always carries these weapons with him at dangerous seasons of the year.

Fire fighting has become a science in itself, and the Forest Service points with pride to the fact that there have been no really disastrous forest fires within the last few years.

In damp, heavy timber fire usually travels slowly, and a few men can keep it in check. In dry, open woods fire naturally travels much faster, and the regulations advise the fighters to go some distance ahead and then "back fire" from there. Fire fighters say that night and the early morning hours are the best time to work at extinguishing burning forests, as the fires die down more or less during the cool night and flare up again during the heat of the day. Contrary to the usual rule, a forest fire travels more rapidly up hill than down. Fire rushes up a hill, crosses a crest slowly and is more or less checked in traveling down the other side. Therefore, the fire fighters use the crest of a ridge and the bottom of a hill as points of attack.

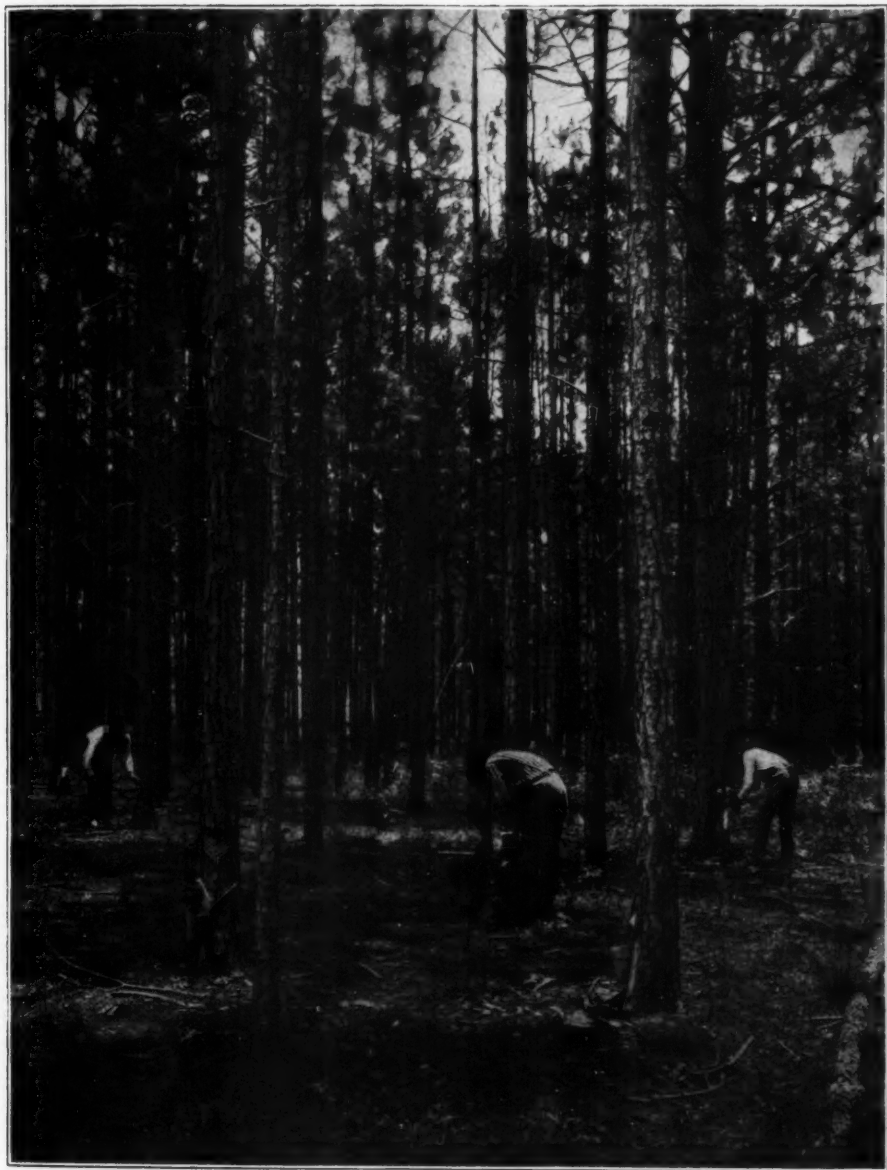
The language of these woodsmen, often more forcible than elegant, is as picturesque as are their surroundings. Most of us know what a "sapling" is, but what is a "road monkey," or a "bull donkey"? A "road monkey" keeps a logging road in condition, a "bull donkey" is simply a

big donkey-engine. Yet these are some of this woodsman's common terms. For instance, a "briar" is a cross-cut saw, a "bully" is a foreman of a logging camp, a "choker" is a noose of wire rope. "Of course," you say. But what is a "goose pen"? Why, a big hole burned in a standing tree. Easy? Well, then, here's another. What is a "widow-maker"? Answer, a loose, hanging, broken limb, which is supposed always to mean danger to the man who gets under it.

And so it goes. A "dead man," for instance, is a fallen tree, but a "dead head" is a sunken log. A "dozy" log is one that is decayed. A single sled is a "dray," but it likewise may also be a "bob," a "crotch," a "go-devil," a "lizard," a "scoot," or a "sloop," but never a "sled." With fine insight into human nature the woodsman knows the sub-foreman as the "head push." Mr. Pinchot's Forest Service has compiled a "loggers' dictionary," which contains all these and many more words just as picturesque, and which the *New York Sun* characterized as "the best collection of muscular language that has come into this office for some time."

There is a note of alarm in nearly every one of the forestry announcements. Satisfaction is expressed at the progress of the work, but concern is shown over the activity of the woodsman and his axe. In speaking of the growth of forestry and the responses to the call the Forest Service has sent out Mr. Pinchot says: "All this is encouraging, but the situation has another side. The available means to check forest destruction are increasing, but so are the forces which make for the obliteration of our forest wealth. Railroads are steadily pushing into new regions, bringing with them not only destructive lumbering, but also fire, which is far more dangerous."

"It is evident," the Forester says, "that never before has forest destruction been so rapid as at present, that we have never been so near to the exhaustion of our lumber supply, and that vigorous measures



A GEORGIA TURPENTINE FOREST
Working "Cup System" in Second Growth Timber, near Ocilla

have never been so urgently required as now. Judged in the light of its beginnings and opportunities, the progress of the Forest Service is perhaps not unsatisfactory. Judged in the light of the task which must be accomplished, if we are to escape the hardships of a prolonged lumber famine, its work has scarcely begun."

The most hopeful sign the Forest Service sees is the healthful interest the big corporations are taking in forest work. Theirs is not a quiet acquiescence, or a tacit approval, but a hearty co-operation. It does not take a keen corporation manager long to "tumble" to the benefit of expert advice. The railroads and big lumber companies are giving the Forest Service every possible assistance, for they see great financial savings if the service succeeds, and great financial losses if it fails in its work.

It is mutually helpful, too. For the Government is making experiments with "loblolly pine" and other varieties to solve the question of railroad tie-making material. The Government authorities declare the steel railroad tie is not and never will be practicable. It is investigating the Missouri swamp forests; it is studying the big trees of California; it is giving attention to the tan-bark trees of

the Pacific coast; it is looking into the Ohio hardwood forests; it is trying turpentine orcharding in the South; it is planting basket willows in the Potomac flats, in the District of Columbia; it is going into the study of sugar-maple groves—every one of which features are commercially important. It is testing the pines of New Mexico, the lodge-pole pine and the red fir of the Northwest; it is studying methods of preservative experiments as to the strength of structural timber.

The whole idea of the Forest Service seems to be best summed up in what President Roosevelt said to the Forestry Congress in Washington not long ago: "The forest is for use, and its users will decide its future. It was only a few years ago that the practical lumberman felt that the forest expert was a man who wished to see the forests preserved as bric-a-brac, and the American business man was not prepared to do much from the bric-a-brac standpoint. Now I think we have got a working agreement between the forester and the business man whose business is the use of the forest. We have got them to come together with the understanding that they must work for a common end, work to see the forest preserved for use."



ON THE MINNESOTA NATIONAL FOREST RESERVE

LETTERS TO HEROINES

OF PRESENT-DAY POPULAR NOVELS, BY FAMOUS AUTHORS OF OTHER
BUT EQUALLY POPULAR STORIES

I

TO MARIAN DEVEREUX OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES"

DEAR MRS. GLENARM—What a good and pleasant thing it is when a real artist abandons himself to a tale, a tale without moral (not necessarily without morals, therefore), without poses, without any airs of creation or intention and never a problem to probe—simply a rattling good tale. Such as "Treasure Island" or "The House of a Thousand Candles." And how lightly and daintily the girl with the red tam-o'-shanter flits through the bewilderingments of Squire Glenarm and adds a piquant touch to that mansion of mystery. I fear, Miss Devereux (that was), I can not share your admiration for the nominal hero of the story. To me Bates, with his "lank, gloomy figure," his "deep, melancholy voice," his inscrutable butler's composure, his adorable gifts as a *chef*, and histrionic finish in his rôle, takes the center of the stage and keeps it from the moment he enters "the great hall lightly dimly with candles" and "wins from the dark a faint twilight, yielding slowly to a growing, mellow splendour of light." N. B. I can not resist inserting an unlawful *u* in splendor; a candle-lighted splendor seem anachronistic.

Next to Bates, who has a Stevensonian charm, my heart cleaves to Larry; I know the plot will not allow you to marry Larry, or even to fix your fancy on his sunny pow, but 'tis pity that you may not. A fellow of infinite jest and very subtle fancy and brave as they make them, even in Ireland. Glenarm is very well, but a thought dullish and peevish.

But the old man is delightful. Indeed, all the characters about you are as real as the tariff. Perhaps that is part of the piquant fascination of the book—realistic characters in melodramatic situations.

And what a lovely idea is the house of a thousand candles. An eighteenth century stateliness of architecture and furnishings with battle, murder and sudden death peering through the leaded panes and creeping down the secret passages, and a girlish laugh pealing through the pistol shots—that is the kind of story for my reading, Miss Marian. Another delightful trait of the story is its quiet humor; as much of attitude as of phrasing. This is not to imply that the phrases lack; they are polished as a Frenchman's; some have an epigrammatic glint, and some the broad humorous grin of the West, like the dungeon which "came in quite handy for potatoes," being so dark; and some strike deep into the heart, like "youth alone of beautiful things, is lovelier than light."

Yes, it is a delicious style; and the rapid movement of the story can not utterly distract the reader from its quiet pleasure. This same movement makes the book difficult to lay aside until the end is reached; but the style is like a placid landscape green in early summer, which an automobile tears from one's vision; one wants to go back over the road in a leisurely carriage. I enjoyed the book; and I was far more impressed by you, dear lady, on my second reading than on my first.



MARIAN DEVEREUX

Will you please thank the kind gentleman who wrote of your and Squire Glenarm's adventures for me as well as for many thousands of readers. To put the Castle of Otranto (purged of its worst horrors) into an Indiana county with a girls' boarding-school across the lake takes me tremendously. Shall all the adventures be across the sea and not later than the Georges? Marry, go to! we can build as fine an old mansion house on the prairie as in the colonial states; and we can defy the minions of the law (whom, be we lawful and orderly as we may, we all have a sinful streak of glee in thwarting) as boldly as a Southern mob. And

all this in peaceful Indiana! Aren't you glad you were in that last homeric onslaught, Miss Marian? I would have given a mort, myself, to have wielded a candelabra in that original fray. I only grieve that the villain was not given his quietus finally. The poor understudy of the villain, Morgan, got all the kicks, but I fear none of the half-pennies; since the villain was such an all-round cheater.

But these are minor matters; you are a delight, and so is your story; and I pray you again, thank Mr. Nicholson, and beg him for more.

A WEARY READER OF
STRENUOUS FICTION.

II

TO LILY BART OF "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH"

MISS Lily Bart, In care of Mme. Regina, New York City:

MY DEAR MISS BART—Have you, I wonder, under pressure of untoward circumstances, let your subscription to the clipping bureau lapse during the past months? If not, how astonished you must be at some of the things you see about yourself in print! "Not more astonished" (do I hear you say?) "than to receive this communication from an unknown correspondent!" The point is well taken, and I hasten to introduce myself. I am an emotionalist. The family is a large one, and of ancient lineage, proudly tracing its descent from that noble lady of whom it was written:

There was an old woman and—what do you think?

She lived upon nothing but novels and ink!

Now novels and ink were the whole of her diet

And yet this old woman *could never keep quiet.*

Her descendants are divided into three

branches: the inarticulates, a degenerate stock who suffer and are still; the effervescents, who talk their emotions out on their friends; and the chirographics, who write them to the newspapers. I myself am a writing emotionalist, which is one of the reasons why I am addressing you by letter instead of making shift to meet you. There are several things which I feel impelled to say to you, but I know that, face to face, I should only talk about the weather or the difficulties of trimming hats. I can write to you like a chum, but I should talk to you like an afternoon tea. And then, to be candid, there is another reason for my writing. I beg of you not to misunderstand me; I am not enamored of my own looks, and I have no bank account to speak of, but I realize that you might, in your present inextricable position, build air castles upon the foundation of my having hunted you up. And if there is one thing about you, Miss Bart, that I have ever been tempted to resent, it is that you have already had too many short-circuited dreams.

There would seem, however, to be a

number of things about you to which some of my fellow emotionalists take exception. There is Gerty Farish, for instance. You have, you know, been rather severely criticized for your attitude toward Gerty. Being the only really good person you knew, it has been rather strongly hinted that the least you could have done, if only for appearance's sake, was to have pretended that you liked her. My dear girl, don't pay the least attention to them. They may not be conscious of the fact themselves, but they are merely voicing that most disingenuous of all Anglo-Saxon instincts, the literary conscience. When the Lord made the shark he placed his mouth underneath in order to give the rest of creation a chance, and when he made the Anglo-Saxon he, for the same reason, handicapped him with a psychological impediment which necessitates his turning his back (intellectually speaking) upon the truths by which he lives. He believes implicitly that by keeping current literature properly sterilized the next generation, or at farthest the one after, will forget to be human, hence there are more things in heaven and earth, Miss Lily, than are owned up to in English fiction. I know dozens of good, livewithable people who, in every-day practice, rush pellmell to the speaking-tube to call down that they are not at home when Gerty Farish rings the door-bell. And yet they regard it as a breach of confidence, if not as actually immoral, to acknowledge such a thing in print. They can't help it. It's the literary conscience.

They say, too, that you are not a good example for the young person. And this must have puzzled you, for in all probability you never met one. They do not have them in your set. But let me assure you that it is a very serious accusation. A young person is one who, having ceased to think that ignorance is bliss, is yet in danger of folly if made wise. Time was when the young person took her literature, like her meals, in the nursery, and

only came to the table, whether library or dining, for dessert. This custom, however, has been abandoned. In well-ordered families the young person now sits on the dictionary at dinner and spends her evenings consulting it, and both the menu and the magazines have to be edited accordingly. For, otherwise, as we know by watching our married friends, we are prone to let the young have what they yell for and then blame the results on the purveyor. The compromise, of course, comes high. The only people, for instance, who can afford to have any real literature around, are those whose duty it is to read it and advise its suppression from the shelves of the libraries.

But even here, Miss Bart, I take issue with your detractors. Had I any young persons committed to my care, whose tender minds it was my duty to fill with knowledge and keep unspotted by understanding, I would first forbid their reading your adventures, and then leave them carelessly concealed beneath the pillows of the divan. Trusting that, like some of their elders, they would miss the appeal that lies in all human seeking, however blind, after fulfillment, but would grasp the lesson, so useful to them in after-life, that to let sentiment interfere with the capture of rich nonentities is to slight opportunity which may knock but once at the door of any young person's fate.

There is another thing, Miss Bart, about which I hesitate even to write to you. They have said (it is a horrid thing to say of a young lady) that you are not good art. Your life, they say, contains neither honest love nor common honor, and good art must contain both. Yet the *reductio ad absurdum* is as legitimate in art as in mathematics. "Not breadth but intensity," says a great critic, "is the aim of modern art. We are no longer in art concerned with the type. It is with the exception that we have to do." It is not only by the glory of honest love and the wholesomeness of common honor, but by



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

LILY BART

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the pity of their absence and by the tragedy of their negation that art relates itself to life.

And now, my dear, I already know, and all those who have followed you with something more than an excited curiosity or a search for a moral lesson already know, that you will never reascend the weary slope down which we have seen you slip. And in your heart you know it, too, and are glad. For already the shadow, which that dread peace sometimes casts before it, has stolen over you, welcomed if but half recognized. It has been given you to learn in bitterness the lesson which some of us are permitted to learn in joy,

and which to some of us, less happy than either, it is denied to learn at all. And before you go, I would like these lines to reach you, if only to tell you that there are those to whom the apparent futility of your struggle has not been futile, since it has awakened in them something of that emotion, almost divine because almost creative, in the glow of which alone we gain in tenderness, in pity and in understanding and glimpse some jot of that great meaning which is better than beauty and more than morals.

Believe me, my dear Miss Bart,

Very sincerely and gratefully,

ONE OF THE FOOLS.

THE FAILURES

By Sara H. Birchall

WE burnt our youth out gaily,
And, faith, we had our fun!
We laughed, and dreamed, and trusted Luck,
And now, at last, we're done.

The river is our kinsman,
Fettered, and foul, and blue,
With his yearning lap at the arches
Where the tug-boats elbow through.

One day, when the farce is ended,
He'll give us a friendly bed,
When the New Year's caught us napping
With a gray, dishonored head.

Not yet we'll claim our lodging.
Good cousin, your sheets are damp—
The bitter east wind snatches
At the flame of the flaring lamp.

Not yet. We'll risk our fortune.
If the game goes up again,
We'll kiss Marie at the corner,
And try your rest-house then.

IBSEN AS I KNEW HIM

By William Archer

[Mr. Archer is the editor and translator of Ibsen's prose dramas, and was for twenty-five years a friend of the great dramatist.—EDITOR.]

I

IT was in December, 1881, that I first met Henrik Ibsen. He was then fifty-three years of age. His romantic plays and his dramas in verse, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," already lay far behind him. During the seventies he had written the vast "world-historic drama," "Emperor and Galilean," and the second and third of his prose plays of modern life, "Pillars of Society" and "A Doll's House." His name was as yet little known outside the three Scandinavian kingdoms, though "A Doll's House" was beginning to make its way on the German stage. He stood, in fact, on the threshold of his world-wide renown, though neither he nor any one else clearly foresaw it.

He was living in Rome, where I, too, had settled down for the winter. The desire to know the creator of "Peer Gynt" was not the least among the motives that had taken me thither. Though I might have procured introductions from Norway, I had somehow not thought of doing so. I trusted to meeting him at the Scandinavian Club, but found that, as a British subject, I was not eligible. The committee, however, overcame the difficulty by making me an honorary member; and it was, in fact, in the rooms of the club, in a somber palazzo on the Via de Pontifici, hard by the Mausoleum of Augustus, that I first encountered the poet.

The occasion was one of the Saturday evening social gatherings which brought together all the Scandinavians in Rome. I had been about a quarter of an hour in the room, and was standing close to the door, when it opened, and in glided an undersized man with very broad shoul-

ders and a large, leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. In spite of all the famous instances to the contrary, one instinctively associates greatness with size. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of short-sightedness and the need to peer into things. He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality, which would even have been insignificant had the head been strictly proportionate to the rest of the frame. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron-gray hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, or the thin-lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will, and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark gray as the hair. The most cursory observer could not but recognize power and character in the head; yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. Misled, perhaps, by the ribbon at the buttonhole, and by an expression of reserve, almost of secretiveness, in the lines of the tight-shut mouth, one would rather have supposed oneself face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist.

He moved from group to group, exchanging a few words with this or that acquaintance, but never engaging in any

lengthy or animated talk. Not without trepidation, for I had heard legends of his unapproachableness and occasional harshness, I asked the president of the club to introduce me. It was clear that my name conveyed nothing to him, and this relieved me not a little; for I had been guilty of an unauthorized adaptation of "Pillars of Society," produced (for one performance) in London some months before, and he might, not unjustly, have resented my action in the matter. He had, as a matter of fact, heard of the performance, and he took my rather lame explanations in perfectly good part. Of bearishness there was no trace in his manner; on the contrary, it was marked by a ceremonious, old-world courtesy. He invited me to call upon him, and my audience was over. As we parted, I asked him when we might expect his new play. He believed it was that very day to be published in Copenhagen.

The new play was "Gengangere"—"Ghosts." At that moment he was as far as I was from foreseeing the storm of obloquy it was to bring down upon his head, and the controversy that was to rage around it, all the world over.

I determined not to call upon him until I had read the new play. Day after day I worried the shopmen at Loescher's bookstore in the Corso for the copy I had ordered, but it was close upon Christmas before it arrived. However, I had devoured, if not digested it before the Christmas-eve festival at the club, when my second meeting with the poet took place. Here I will quote from a letter written the following day, merely translating into English the phrases I had reported in Norwegian:

"The first thing that met my eyes when I entered the room was the great Henrik, resplendent with all his orders, and looking really leonine. I must say I share a little of Björnson's objection to the orders; but, after all, it is customary to wear them, and too great respect for the

powers that he is not, as a rule, his weak point. I sat quite close to him at dinner, but unfortunately back to back. At dessert up got a prosy old Dane and proposed Ibsen's '*skoal*,' which was drunk with enormous enthusiasm. (N. B. I think my copy of 'Gengangere' is the only one which has penetrated to Rome, except his own). Like all the other people round, I had the honor of clinking glasses with him, and then he made a very short reply. He said that it was a great pleasure to him, etc., etc.; that Christmas was usually regarded as a season of peace, but that for him it was often very much the reverse, since his books generally appeared a little before Christmas. But he did not believe that peace was the most desirable condition; on the contrary, he held warfare to be more wholesome for human nature. At the same time it was always very pleasant to him to find that people, however much their points of view might differ from his, did not let that interfere with their kindness of feeling toward him. That was the substance of his speech, and it did not consist of many more words.

"After dinner, as the tables were being cleared away, I stood in the lobby talking to Fröken (Miss) R——, who had been Ibsen's table companion. She declares that she has the distinction of being the only lady he ever danced with,—in Bergen, many years ago. I suggested that perhaps the honor was greater than the pleasure, and she admitted that there was a good deal in that. Just then Ibsen came up and shook hands with me. The conversation turned on smoking, as he was smoking a cigar, and offered Fröken R—— one. He said he couldn't work without smoking—not cigars, but a short pipe, so that you didn't know you were smoking until it was done, and you had to refill it. Then he said people talked as if some special things were poisons, and some not; but in fact there is no such thing as poison. Certain substances, under certain

conditions and in certain quantities, do more or less harm—and that you could say of everything. For instance, cold water, if you come plump into it from a height, will kill you. I thought of *Peer Gynt*, and his plunge from the Gendin Edge.

"Afterward I talked a good deal with Fröken R—— about him. She said that people were very unjust to his character, and that he himself had more than once said to her: 'You mustn't think that I am entirely heartless and unfeeling.' She said, too, that he hated to talk about his books—that he carried his reluctance to the point of a mania. Consequently I was rather surprised when, further on in the evening, Ibsen came up to me, and, after we had discussed the Ring Theater fire, said: 'You would scarcely believe what a sensation my new play is making in the North.' He asked if I had read it, and told me that he was getting heaps of letters every day about it. I told him a villain in the *Berlingske Tidende* had anticipated the very thing I was looking forward to saying about it some day or other, namely, that he had made good his promise of placing 'a torpedo under the Ark.' He then said he doubted whether it would be acted just yet, on account of its tendency. It was always the same—when he wrote 'Love's Comedy' there was a great outcry, another when he wrote 'Peer Gynt,' another over 'Pillars of Society'; but little by little people got accustomed to the pieces. Just then I was called away, and as we parted Ibsen apologized for not having been to see me. I told him I did not for a moment expect it, but hoped he would let me call upon him. He said I should be heartily welcome, we shook hands, *und damit basta*."

My remark about the torpedo referred to a poem "To My Friend the Revolutionary Orator," in which Ibsen said that the only thoroughgoing revolution recorded in history was the Flood. But even that remained incomplete, for Noah

seized the dictatorship. "Let us do it over again, we Radicals," he concluded. "If you, my friend, will call down the Deluge I will with pleasure place a torpedo under the Ark." I remember to this day the look of surprise with which he received the allusion. In that look lay the germ of his next play, "An Enemy of the People"—it was Dr. Stockmann's surprise on finding that his demonstration of the rottenness of society was regarded by society as something less than a cause for unmixed gratitude. Strange as it may seem, Ibsen had not been prepared for the tempest which "Ghosts" was arousing. In a few days more the club-room was littered with papers in which critics scoffed at him as a "pale Ghost of his former self" and poets bewailed him as "A Fallen Star." George Brandes, I remember, was almost the only Scandinavian critic who preserved his sanity and his courage.

A week later, on New Year's Eve, there was again a "*festa*" at the Scandinavian Club. A tall, lanky, and very bald Dane, speaking in a shrill voice with a strong Copenhagen accent (unpleasing to the Norwegian ear) made himself very prominent throughout the evening, acting as a sort of self-appointed Master of Ceremonies. Toward midnight, after the ladies had left, the President and Secretary of the Club, Ibsen, one or two other men and I sat round a table in one of the smaller rooms, smoking and chatting, when this Dane came in and began talking and laughing very loudly. Ibsen visibly fumed for several minutes, until the Dane addressed to the President some question which I did not catch. Then Ibsen turned upon him, his eyes blazing, and thundered, "What have you to do with that? That is a matter for the Committee?" "I merely asked the question," the Dane replied, and went on talking at a great rate. Ibsen rose, muttered something very audibly about an "intolerable person!" and left the room. The party immediately broke up; and as we were putting on our coats

in the hall I heard Ibsen, in saying good night to the secretary, quote some derogatory epithet from Holberg, and apply it to "*den skallede væmmelige genganger!*"—"that bald, loathsome ghost!" This was the only occasion on which I, personally, saw his temper ruffled, though rumor tells of many others. At the time, I thought the Dane's punishment excessive; but the Secretary told me afterward that Ibsen had merely expressed the general sense of the Club in "downing" him, as Johnson would have said.

II

In those days, at the corner of the Corso and the Via della Mercede, there stood a very bright and well-managed café, known as the "Nazionale." The Corso has since been widened at this point, and the comparatively small "Nazionale" has expanded into "Aragno's," the rendezvous of all Rome. Entering this café on the afternoon of January 2, 1882, I observed in the inmost corner a huge, broad-brimmed, wide-awake hat, and, gleaming through the shadow it cast, the gold spectacles of Henrik Ibsen. In earlier days when he was writing "Brand" at Ariccia, he was known to the peasants of the Alban Hills as "Il Capellone," the man with the big hat; and his friends, in allusion to the lining of the said headpiece, used to call it "the Blue Grotto." It was doubtless a successor to the original "Blue Grotto" that he was now wearing, as he sipped his glass of vermuth and looked at the *Illustrierte Zeitung*. I took a seat, with a friend, near the door. Presently Ibsen rose to leave, and as he passed out he stared at me short-sightedly, without recognition. But apparently he recalled my face on reaching the street, for in a minute or two he reopened the glass door, came up to my table, and entered into conversation. I again quote from a letter written at the time:

" . . . He says he can read English with difficulty, but his son can read it

quite well; and he spoke of Gosse's translation of some extracts from 'Peer Gynt.' In the course of the talk I elicited the melancholy fact that he has quite given up verse, so far as the drama is concerned, at any rate. I suppose another 'Peer Gynt' was scarcely to be expected; but I must say I'm sorry to hear he is entirely devoting himself to prose.* Then of course we got on 'Gengangere.' He said: 'These people in the North are terrible. I write a play with five characters and they insist on putting in a sixth—namely, Ibsen. There never was a play with less utterance of personal opinion in it.' Then he went on to say that his idea had been to show, in *Fru Alving*, how a badly educated, badly trained woman was certain to be driven, by men of *Pastor Manders's* way of thought and feeling, into opposite extremes. . . . Then I asked him right out: 'How do you figure to yourself what occurs after the curtain falls? Does she give her son the poison or not?' He laughed, and said in his sort of unctuous, deliberate drawl: 'That I don't know. Every one must work that out for himself. I should never dream of deciding such a difficult question. Now, what do *you* think?' I said that if she did not 'come to the rescue' it was no doubt the result of a *genganger*, a ghost, still 'walking' in her—always assuming, I added, that the disease was ascertained to be absolutely incurable. He said he thought the solution perhaps lay there; that the mother would always put off and put off 'coming to the rescue,' on the plea that while there is life there is hope. . . . Then we chuckled over Ploug's remark that it was questionable whether *Oswald* could inherit disease through merely smoking his father's pipe.† But here I noticed a little thing which seems to show that the criti-

* Many years later, he told Professor Herford that he would like to write his last play in verse, "if only one could tell which play was to be the last."

† Carl Ploug, the Danish poet and journalist, had fallen into this ridiculous misunderstanding of an incident in "Ghosts."

cisms rather gall him; for he accused Ploug of purposely misrepresenting him, so as to gain a temporary advantage over him, in the eyes of people who hadn't read the play. I suggested that it was probably a mere piece of carelessness, and he admitted it might be, but said, what was quite true, that a critic had no business to be careless in that way."

During the next two months I saw Ibsen frequently, at his house, at the Club, and at the Caffè Nazionale. He had a flat in the Via Capo le Case, close to the corner of the Via Sistina. It was, if I may use the expression, a comfortable yet comfortless flat—well furnished, but with no air of home about it. All his pictures, I fancy, were packed up and lying at Munich, and he had not even many books about, for he was never a great reader. His writing-room was very bare and painfully orderly. It has been reported that he kept on his writing-table various nick-nacks and little figures, which he regarded as fetishes, and without which he could not work. I never saw anything of the kind, either in Rome, Munich or Christiania; and photographs of his study in Christiania confirm my skepticism.

Almost every afternoon he sallied forth from his flat and walked slowly by the Via Capo le Case and the Via della Mercede to the Caffè Nazionale, where he would spend an hour or so, sometimes in looking over the German and Italian papers, more often gazing into vacancy, and lost in thought. The dim blue eyes, at such times, saw nothing of the cosmopolitan crowd in the glittering café, but were fixed, or I am much mistaken, upon far-off Norway and its gray "provincial" life—saw the mob breaking *Stockmann's* windows, or little *Hedvig* slipping, pistol in hand, into the garret where the *Wild Duck* lived. Six years earlier, in an address to the Norwegian students, he had said: "A poet is by nature long-sighted. I have never seen my homeland and its life so clearly, so closely, or in such relief,

as when I have been farthest sundered from it in space."

My friends and I used to frequent the Caffè Nazionale almost as regularly as Ibsen did; but of course I did not often intrude upon his cogitations. I find only one other note of a talk with him in Rome, from which the following passage may be quoted: "I spoke to him about Kierkegaard,* and he declares it is all nonsense to say that *Brand* has anything to do with Kierkegaard. He says he always draws from models to some degree, and that a man who formed a sort of model for *Brand* was a certain Pastor Lammers. This man went out of the State Church, taking any number of people with him; then saw he was on the wrong track, but neither could nor would take his followers back into the fold, and so left them in the wilderness and came abroad. Ibsen knew him in Dresden. However, he can't have been by any means an exact prototype of *Brand*, for Ibsen says he was full of the joy of life, went to the theater, and was something of a painter and musician. *Brand* played the organ, but that was his only accomplishment that I ever heard of. We spoke of Turgeneff, whom Ibsen praised highly; and as I happened to have 'Une Page d'Amour' with me, we discussed Zola. Ibsen hasn't read anything of his, he says, and is inclined to undervalue him, from what he has read about him. I was rather interested to hear this, for of course the *Morgenblad* is profoundly convinced that 'Gengangere' is directly inspired by the study of Zola."

To my other meetings with him in Rome, I find only general references in the papers before me; but they entirely bear out my recollection of his invariable courtesy and cordiality. And here let me ask, how many great writers would have given so much time and patience to a wholly irrelevant youth who had no sort

* A Danish theologian who is commonly said to have been the original of Ibsen's *Brand*. See the *Revue de Paris*, July, 1901.

of claim upon them—not even that of a formal introduction? In after years, Ibsen might—indeed, he did—consider himself under some sort of obligation to me; but in those far-off Roman days he knew nothing of me except that I could more or less imperfectly express myself in his language, and had made an unauthorized, and partly garbled, version of one of his plays. That he could be morose and even repellent on occasion is plain from well-authenticated anecdotes; but I think his treatment of me during these first months of our acquaintance ought absolutely to acquit him of any charge of systematic or habitual churlishness. He was never a man of many words; he always spoke slowly and (as George Eliot is said to have done) under a manifest sense of responsibility; but within the limits of his phlegmatic temperament, I always found him not only courteous, but genial and even communicative.

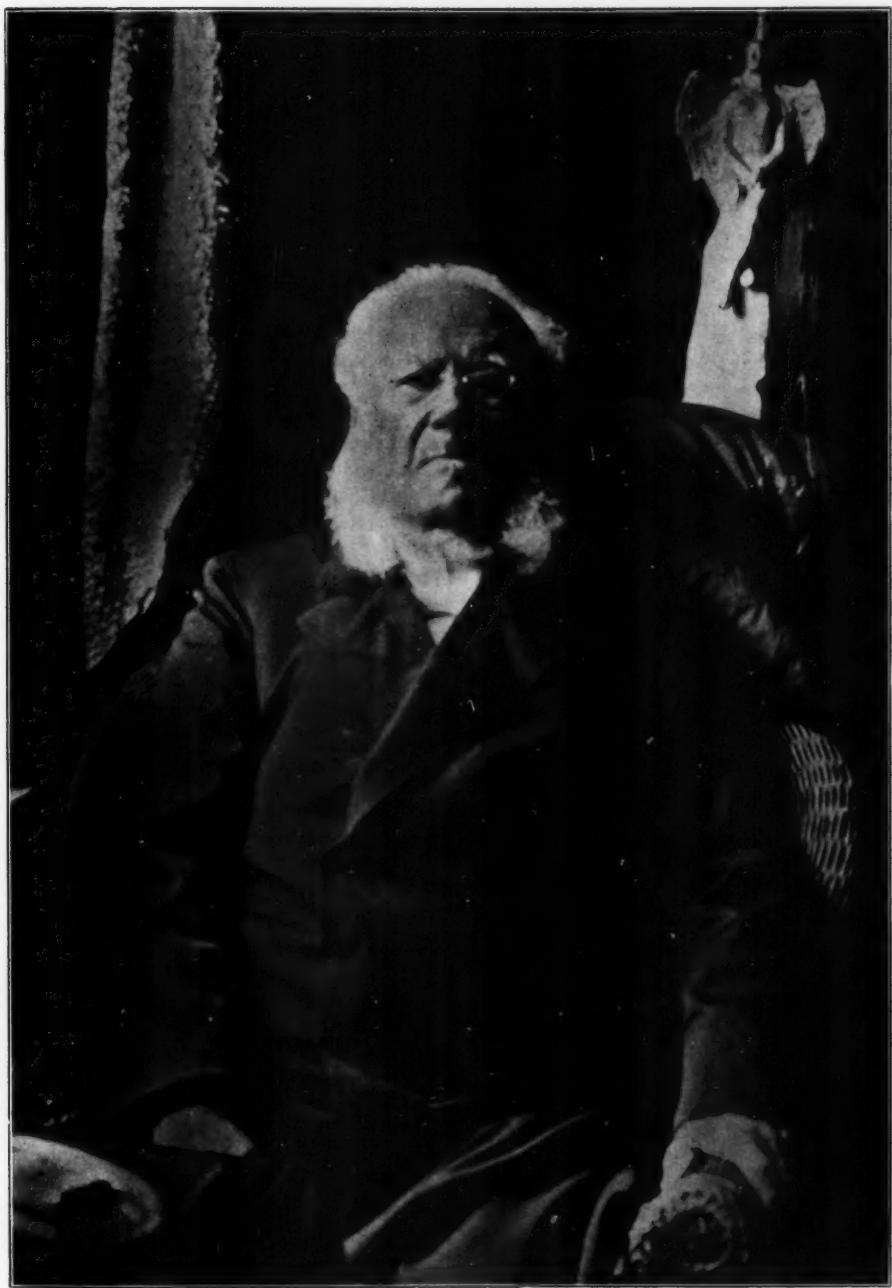
Here, too, I can not help touching upon a more delicate subject; for to avoid it would be to lend color to idle and malicious reports. The often-repeated stories of his overindulgence in stimulants were, to the best of my belief, such gross exaggerations as to be practically falsehoods. My personal observation on this point is confirmed by the report of one of his oldest and most intimate friends who, some years ago, discussed his character quite frankly with me, told me many anecdotes illustrative of his peculiarities, but wholly repudiated this slander. On convivial evenings at the Scandinavian Club I have seen him drink one or two small tumblers of thin Italian wine, but no more. At the Caffè Nazionale he would slowly sip a glass or two of vermouth—the most temperate of potations. This I have observed day after day and week after week; for the amiable gossip that was current in Norway could not but make me keep my eyes open. In Germany, in Denmark, in Norway, I have been with him repeatedly, have seen him evidently pursuing his

daily habit in the matter of spirituous liquors, and have always noted the moderation of that habit. On one public occasion, when it was afterward spread abroad that he had conspicuously exceeded, I both walked and talked with him, and can positively assert that there was no truth whatever in the scandal. He was certainly no teetotaler, and it is even possible that he relied on the stimulus of stimulants more than strict hygienists may consider wise; but that he was in any serious sense of the word intemperate I utterly disbelieve.

It may be said, once for all, in this connection that, like most small communities, Norway is a hotbed of tittle-tattle. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody knows a great deal more about everybody else than they know themselves. One has only to read Ibsen's plays to realize the prevalence and power of personal gossip. Ibsen was at one time violently unpopular in his own country; and though, in his old age, his fame was looked upon as a national possession, the habit of malicious and mendacious chatter about his concerns still held its ground. My brother was one day going to call upon him in Christiania, and remarked to a friend, resident in the town, that if Ibsen was not at home he hoped he might see Fru (Mrs.) Ibsen. "Oh, no," said his friend, "you won't see *her*—she hasn't been able to live with him for years." My brother paid his call, and the first person he saw on crossing the threshold was Fru Ibsen. The incident was typical.

III

After leaving Rome, I did not again meet Ibsen for five years. In the summer of 1887 I spent some weeks in the south of Norway, and determined to return to England by an untried route—crossing to Frederikshavn in Jutland, and then proceeding by rail to Hamburg and Flushing. On the day before I started I saw a paragraph in a Norwegian paper to the



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HENRIK IBSEN

Born March 20, 1828. Died May 23, 1906

effect that Henrik Ibsen was spending the summer at the little town of Sæby, a few miles from Frederikshavn. I telegraphed for permission to call upon him, and received a cordial answer. My impressions of that visit are noted in a letter, from which I make the following extracts:

"Frederikshavn is a very bright-colored, cheerful, clean little place, and the country about it is delicious—a perfectly level seashore, and then, about a quarter of a mile inland, a low table-land, broken by deep water-courses, very wide for the dribbles of water in the bottom of them. You see a magnificent sweep of coast, with, about seven miles southward, a projecting point on which stands a large church. This is Sæby. I found at the hotel in Frederikshavn a Norwegian business man, a very decent old fellow, who was going to drive to Sæby. I proposed to share the conveyance, the more so as I had a Huntley & Palmer biscuit tin full of roses from A***** J***** for Fru Ibsen. The old boy consented with alacrity, and away we drove at the rate of about five miles an hour, in the queerest old trap you ever saw. It was a delightful drive—a perfect summer day, the corn ripe all round, the wild flowers brilliant, and the Cattegat dancing in the sunlight. All the way we could see Sæby Church straight ahead; and at last we rattled over a bridge, past a lovely old water-mill and into the quaint main street of Sæby—one-story houses with great high gables, all brightly painted.

"The moment we were over the bridge I saw a short, broad figure ahead, in an inordinately long black frock coat, and a tall hat made of black silk, looking far too small for the immense head. It was Ibsen, evidently on the lookout for me. I stopped the trap, we greeted each other with effusion, and then he insisted that I should drive on to the Hotel Harmonien, where he was staying, he following on foot. This scene proceeded to the speechless amazement of my fellow traveler,

whom I had found to be a fine old stock conservative, and had therefore not informed of my purpose in visiting Sæby. Ibsen, with his white necktie, appeared for all the world like a most respectable parson; but I am sure my old friend looked at his boots to see if they were normal, and would not have been surprised if he had produced a torpedo from his coat-tail pocket and proceeded to place it under the ark in which we were traveling. We drove into the court-yard of Harmonien, and by the time I had settled with my companion Ibsen arrived.

"He took me up into an enormous, barely-furnished, uncarpeted room on the first floor, with four if not five windows, and two bedrooms opening off it at the back. This formed his *appartement*; and here we sat and talked for about an hour, until Fru Ibsen came in from a walk in Sæby Forest. I presented the flowers, which she promptly rescued from the biscuit box and received with enthusiasm. Indeed, they made a splendid show, and she was immensely touched by their being a 'greeting from Norway.' After another hour we had dinner, coffee and cigars. Then I thought the Old Man would want to take his siesta, so I proposed to go for a walk in the forest and return in an hour or two. So said, so done. . . . But on my way back I lost myself in the forest, and did not reach Sæby till six o'clock. Then we had tea, or supper, and at eight I set off to walk back to Frederikshavn.

"Now for a few Ibseniana. I must say in the first place that the Old Man was really charming throughout—perfectly frank and friendly, without the least assumption, or affectation, or stiffness of any sort. . . . Unfortunately, I have a morbid shrinking from talking to people about their own works, so that our conversation was, on the whole, far too much devoted to mere small-talk and (strange to say) politics, Norwegian, Danish and Irish. However, I shall jot down a few things that turned up in the course of the talk.

"He said that Fru Ibsen and he had first come to Frederikshavn, which he himself liked very much—he could knock about all day among the shipping, talking to the sailors, and so forth. Besides, he found the neighborhood of the sea favorable to contemplation and constructive thought. Here, at Sæby, the sea was not so easily accessible. But Fru Ibsen didn't like Frederikshavn because of the absence of pleasant walks about it; so Sæby was a sort of compromise between him and her. Fru Ibsen afterward added that the Norwegian steamers at Frederikshavn were a source of perpetual temptation to her.

"For the present Ibsen is not writing anything, and hasn't been all last winter, because his time has been greatly taken up with business connected with the production of his plays in Germany. He told me, what I had already read in the Norwegian papers, that there had been a regular Ibsen controversy in Berlin—that a certain set of critics had taken to exalting him to the skies and flinging him at the head of their own poets. They won't hear even of Spielhagen and Paul Heyse, being (Ibsen says) very unjust to the latter—which is particularly unpleasant for him (Ibsen), as he now lives near Heyse in Munich, and they are very good friends. Ibsen's account of Heyse is that he values himself on his plays, which are weak, while he despises his stories, many of which Ibsen holds to be masterpieces. It is this increase of business in connection with his plays that now forces him to live north of the Alps—besides the fact that the S. P. Q. R. have pulled down his house in the Via Capo le Case.* There has been a whole literature of pamphlets in the Ibsen controversy, of which he gave me one and promised to send me others."

Little did I foresee at that time how, two years later, the "Ibsen controversy" was destined to spread to England and

America, and to rage for the next ten years with a virulence worthy rather of the Byzantium he had depicted in "Emperor and Galilean" than of the western world and the nineteenth century. He went on to tell me of the reception his plays had met with in Germany and of the repeated suppression of "Gengangere" by the police; but as all this is now matter of history, I omit the details. Meanwhile, he said, he was revolving plans, and hoped to have "*noget golskab færdigt til næste aar*"—"some tomfoolery ready for next year." The "tomfoolery" in question proved to be "The Lady from the Sea." It was evident from all his talk that he was himself at this time fascinated by that wonder and glory of the sea which was to be the motive of his next creation. I remember straining, and overstraining, the resources of my Norwegian in an attempt to convey to him some conception of the greatness of Mr. Swinburne as a poet of the sea, and, in so far, a kindred spirit.

"I tried" (the letter continues) "to get at the genesis of a piece in his head, but the fear of seeming to cross-examine him prevented me from obtaining any very explicit answer. It seems that the *idea* of a piece generally presents itself before the characters and incidents, though when I put this to him flatly he denied it. It seems to follow, however, from his saying that there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play when it might as easily turn into an essay as into a drama. He has to incarnate the ideas, as it were, in character and incident, before the actual work of creation can be said to have fairly begun. Different plans and ideas, he admits, often flow together, and the play he ultimately produces is sometimes very unlike the intention with which he set out. He writes and rewrites, scribbles and destroys an enormous amount before he makes the exquisite fair copy he sends to Copenhagen.

"As for symbolism, he says that life is full of it, and that consequently his plays

* There must have been some mistake about this. When I was last in Rome (1904) the house was very slightly altered. It had become a hotel—the Hotel Suez, if I remember rightly.

are full of it, though critics insist on discovering all sorts of esoteric meanings in his work, of which he is entirely innocent. He was particularly amused by a sapient person in *Aftenposten* who had discovered that *Manders* in 'Ghosts' was a symbol for mankind in general, or the average man, and therefore called *Manders*. He also spoke of some critic who had found the keynote of 'Emperor and Galilean' in *Makrina*, a character of no importance whatever, introduced simply because it happened that Basilios had, as a matter of fact, a sister of that name.

"In politics," the letter continues, "he came out very strong against the 'compact majority'." Here, unfortunately, I ceased to report, and branched off into discussions foreign to the present purpose. One remark, however, I may be pardoned for quoting. Speaking of Ibsen as a thinker, not as a poet, I said: "He is essentially a kindred spirit with Shaw." At this time Mr. Bernard Shaw had barely heard Ibsen's name, and "The Quintessence of Ibsenism"—nay, the very word "Ibsenism"—was as yet undreamt of. Have subsequent events, then, justified my observation? Only, I think, in a very limited sense. But this earliest juxtaposition of the two names seemed worth putting on record.

IV

Three years passed before I again saw Ibsen. In the meantime "A Doll's House" had been produced by Mr. and Mrs. Charrington at the Novelty Theater, London (June, 1889), English translations of this and other plays were pouring from the press, and the "Ibsenite" and "Anti-Ibsenite" factions were fulminating against each other in the English and, to some extent, in the American press. In August, 1890, I passed through Munich on my way to Oberammergau, and spent a day with Ibsen and his wife and son. I again quote from a letter written a few days later:

"My first business in Munich, after making sure of my seat for the Passion Play, was to call upon Ibsen. . . . His fame in England and America is, as he says, 'a fairy tale' to him. . . . He is obviously older, but looks very well, and is quite alert and cheerful. He trotted me round a vast exhibition of modern pictures, where there is a portrait of himself by a Norwegian named Smith—a vivid enough but far from flattering one. He won't go into the room where it hangs, but waited round the corner. Just as I discovered it an Englishman and his wife were standing before it. The man looked up his catalogue and said: 'Oh, that's Ibsen, the Norwegian poet.' Whereupon the lady replied with the greatest interest: 'Oh, is it? Well, now, that's just what I should have expected him to look like.' I was tempted to tell them they need only step into the next room to see the original, but instead I reported their conversation to the Old Man, who was amused. Sigurd Ibsen joined us at lunch, and we had a long talk about all sorts of things—mainly about translations and performances in England, America, etc.

"You would see from Shaw's letter which I sent you that Ibsen was supposed to be infuriated at having been classed as a Socialist by G. B. S. He explained to me, however, that his rage existed only in the imagination of the *Daily Chronicle* interviewer. What he really said was that he never had belonged, and probably never would belong, to any party whatsoever; but he expressed himself as pleasantly surprised to find that English Socialists, working on scientific lines, had arrived at conclusions similar to his. This the *Chronicle* interviewer (a Berlin Jew) twisted into an expression of unpleasant surprise that any one should have the audacity to make use of his name in Socialist propaganda. The Old Man was quite put out about this, for the thing had got into the German and Danish papers, too. While I was with him he received a letter

from Vollmar, one of the Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, and a friend of his, asking him what the devil he meant by this seemingly contemptuous disclaimer, not only of Socialism, but of all sympathy with Socialism. Ibsen had already written a letter to Brækstad, intended for the English papers, and he forthwith sat down to write a German translation of this letter for Vollmar.

"Fru Ibsen and he had an amusing little scene apropos of this incident. She said: 'I warned you when that man came from Berlin that you would put your foot in it. You should have let me see him; women are much more cautious than men in what they say.' Whereupon the Old Man smiled grimly and said that wasn't generally supposed to be the strong point of the sex, adding that since the interviewer was going to lie about what he said, it didn't much matter whether he was cautious or not. Then Fru Ibsen suggested that he ought not to have seen him at all, and I closed the discussion by assuring her that in that case he would have made up the interview entirely from his inner consciousness."

Again, on my return from Oberammergau, I had a long chat with Ibsen at his favorite table in the "Café Max," opposite the Hoftheater, but have kept no notes of what passed. His rooms in Munich, farther down the Maximilianstrasse, were lofty and handsome, but still, to my thinking, unattractive. He never seemed really "at home" until I saw him in his flat in Christiania. Of his home life I can only say that at all times I received a most pleasing impression of it. Of the loyal devotion of his wife and son, and their enthusiasm for his ideas, there could not be a moment's doubt.

V

In 1891 Ibsen returned to Norway, after an absence (save for brief visits) of more than a quarter of a century. He

made Christiania his abiding place, and seldom left it, settling in the new quarter on the Palace hill, first in Viktoria Terrasse, but ultimately in Arbins Gade. It was there that, in 1898 and 1899, I saw him again, and saw him frequently.

He had now become a European celebrity, and thousands of tourists have seen him, and hundreds described or depicted him, taking his daily walk down Karl Johans Gade, or sitting at his own particular window in the café of the Grand Hotel. He was also the favorite victim of the inventive news monger. Either in Christiania or in Copenhagen—probably in the latter—there was a regular manufactory of Ibsen legends. Whenever other "news" was slack, a telegram about Ibsen's health, or about his friendships and enmities, or about his next play, or about his "autobiography," would be fabricated and disseminated, to be tardily followed, and never overtaken, by an official contradiction. I would especially warn all Ibsen biographers against a most circumstantial story of his illness, his "apologia," and his relations with Björnson, purporting to be written by Dr. George Brandes, which was circulated in the autumn of 1901, and was pure invention from first to last.

In the spring of 1898 he celebrated his seventieth birthday, and a number of his English admirers, headed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, presented him with a large silver goblet, technically known as a ciborium. This gift, as he told me both by letter and by word of mouth, gave him peculiar pleasure. It occupied a place of honor in his drawing-room when I visited him in August of the same year. In his study, a bright corner room looking out upon the palace park, I was somewhat surprised to notice, holding a very prominent position, a huge gilt-edged and brass-clasped family Bible. "You keep this close at hand," I said, pointing to it. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I often read in it—for the sake of the language." Among some fine

old pictures in his study was a large and striking modern portrait. "Who is that?" I asked. "That is —," he replied, naming a Scandinavian author of some celebrity. "Oh, do you know him?" I asked, a good deal interested. "No, I don't know him at all," was the reply, "but I rejoice in that portrait. I think he looks so delightfully mad."

Of my conversations with Ibsen in these years I have only fragmentary notes. In 1898 my brother, to whom the letters above quoted from were addressed, was with me in Christiania, and shared in our talks. In 1899 it was the festivities connected with the opening of the National Theater that took me to Norway; and though I saw Ibsen several times during these crowded days, there was little opportunity for quiet conversation. From the scattered jottings I possess, mainly referring to 1898, I make the following extracts.

In one of his poems, written in 1870, and entitled "A Balloon-Letter," he had said:

Yes, the age for Beauty hungers—
That's what Bismarck little guesses.

He had now come to doubt whether he was right in that. Perhaps it was rather truth that the age was hungering for. But the two ideas tended, by psychological necessity, to flow together; and he could not but hope that the religious idea might one day follow suit and blend with the idea of the true and the beautiful into something different from any of those ideas as they at present exist. This course of thought—though he did not seem to realize it at the moment—runs exactly parallel with his transition from romanticism to realism, and from that again to a poetic elevation bordering on mysticism.

He spoke of the mission which the Government had assigned him in his youth, to travel through the country and collect folk-songs. As a matter of fact, he picked

up no folk-songs at all, but brought back a store of folk-tales—all told him by one man, however. On the other hand, he gathered many impressions, which he afterward used in "Brand." He came to one valley where the parsonage had just been destroyed by an avalanche. The pastor and his wife were living in one room of a peasant's house. The wife, who had just given birth to a child, occupied a screened-off corner, while the husband transacted all the business of the parish in the remainder of the room. The scenery of "Brand" was mainly suggested to him by a side valley off the Geiranger Fjord—the Sunnelvsfjord, I think he said. He also spoke of coming down from the Jotunfjeld at a place where he looked straight down upon a steeple in the valley hundreds of feet below, and could see no possible way of descent. It appeared, however, that there was a path cut in the face of the precipice, and by this he made his way down, in company with a Catholic priest and a sick woman tied on a horse.

He wrote "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" (which appeared with only a year's interval between them) at very high pressure, amounting to nervous overstrain. He would go on writing verses all the time, even when asleep or half-awake. He thought them capital for the moment; but they were the veriest nonsense. Once or twice he was so impressed with their merit that he rose in his night-shirt to write them down; but they were never of the slightest use. At Ariccia he used to get up at four or five in the morning, and go for a long walk; then, when he came back, he was in good trim for writing.

He began "Peer Gynt" at Isschia and finished it at Sorrento. He set to work upon it with no definite plan—foreseeing the end, indeed, but not the intermediate details. For instance, he did not know that *Peer* was to go to Africa. "It is much easier," he said, "to write a piece like 'Brand' or 'Peer Gynt,' in which you can bring in a little of everything,

than to carry through a severely logical (*konsekvent*) scheme, like that of *John Gabriel Borkman*, for example."

I had often heard him confess to a great distaste for seeing his own plays on the stage. This time he went more at large into his reasons. "I have quite definite conceptions," he said, "of my own characters, and the actors come between me and those conceptions, in some cases permanently distorting or obscuring them." It was one of the drawbacks to the various festivals that had been held from time to time in his honor—in Berlin, Meiningen, Copenhagen, Stockholm, etc.—that he was always expected to sit out one or more of his plays. I was reminded of Dr. Schlenther's account of the first production of "Ghosts" in Germany, at the Augsburg Stadttheater. Ibsen was present, whether at the dress-rehearsal or at the performance I do not remember. He sat with a friend in the stalls, and throughout the evening kept on pinching his companion and ejaculating "Oh! Oh!" in apparent agony, varying the exclamation at some points—as when *Regina* made her entrance in peasant costume—with an emphatic "*O, nein!*" English and American stage-managers please note!

It was true, he said, that he had for a time entertained some idea of writing a sort of literary autobiography—an account of the external circumstances, and the conditions of thought and feeling, that had generated each of his works. The upshot would have been—so he believed, at any rate—a demonstration of the continuity and consistency of his process of development. But he had put the idea

aside, and was now (1898) maturing the scheme of a new drama. "I have turned the characters out to grass," he said. "I hope they will fatten." In 1899 he told me that the play was nearly finished and that he thought of calling it "A Dramatic Epilogue"—a sort of summing-up, I understood him to imply, of the work of his later life. The play was—alas!—"When We Dead Awaken."

On the first of September, 1899, Ibsen and Björnson sat side by side in the place of honor at the opening of the Norwegian National Theater. That night crowned the life-work of the two men. They had created a national drama which had gone forth over all the world; and here at last it had found a fitting home in their own country which they had so loved—and chastened. A few days later I parted from Ibsen for the last time, at his house in Arbins Gade. Punctilious as ever in his courtesy, he accompanied me to the outer door and we shook hands on the threshold. Nearly twenty years had passed since I first saw him in the dim old Roman salon; and in all that time, whether in speech or writing (though we had had business relations not quite without complexity) I had met with nothing but kindness, consideration and cordiality at his hands. What I said I do not remember, but doubtless it was not the right thing. The right thing to have said was very plain. Thinking of all that I owed to the poet and the man, I should have used the simplest and most comprehensive of the formulas of gratitude in which Norwegian abounds, and said to him "*Tak for alt*," or "Thanks for all."

THE END OF THE FEUD

By Elizabeth Hyer Neff

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE ELIXIR OF MARTHY," ETC.

"COME on Becky, fetch the young ones out to supper," drawled Mrs. Hackedorn's pleasant, bass voice at the kitchen door.

"Come on, child; what you waitin' fur? I sh'd think you all'd saw enough of water hyar lately to leave off lookin' at it when your victuals is coolin' on the table."

"It's a man, maw; a man's stoppin' by our gate! I 'low he's comin' in hyar," shrilled Becky ecstatically, clinging to her post at the narrow window, though both the other children were crowding her away.

"Man!" shouted Buchanan, pounding with his fists on the pane, while the baby pounded and shouted, too. The mother came eagerly to look out.

"Shore 'nough, it's Ben Wall, and he's tryin' to get his skiff through the gate—ah—he's made it, too."

She opened the door and went out with cordial greeting in every line of her worn, young face.

"Howdy, Ben. 'Light from yore boat and come in. You're jist in time, for supper's steamin' on the table. Come out and hev a bite with us. You're the fust livin' human bein' that we've glimpsed sence a-Tuesday and hyur it is a-Friday! The chillen did say a fambly went down the road in a flat boat yisterday, but I was back a-washin' an' didn't see 'em. How's Roxiny and the baby?"

The man moored his muddy little boat to a porch pillar, and she gave him a hand to disembark.

"Roxiny's pretty middlin', but the old lady's complainin' like sixty this winter. Seems like the more shacklin' she gits the tighter she hangs on. How's you all?"

"Oh, 'live and kickin'! Come out an' set

down to suppet. Come on, young ones. Becky, you get another plate. Hev that cheer, Ben, and jist light in and help yoreself, fur beaten biscuit don't wait fur manners. Hyur, I'll take yore hat if you can't find no place fur it."

Mr. Wall had politely removed it as he sat down to the table, being fastidious in the matter of eating with his hat on, but rather than allow his hostess to wait upon him he threw it on the floor.

"Wal, now, Lindy, this is all throwed in free. I come down to see if you all was starved or drowned. I says to Roxiny today, 'I'm goin' down to Hackedorn's and see if any of 'em is alive,' says I. 'I'll jist bet Buck Hackedorn is layin' out and Lindy and them chillen is dead,' says I. And, stidder that, here I am settin' down to the best beaten biscuits in Washington County. Whatever Buck may be doin' it's plain his folks ain't starvin'."

"Hev another cup of coffee, Ben, and take a bigger piece of the side meat and some more fried p'taters. Here's apple-butter, and here's a plum spread that's right good, if I did make it. No, Becky, pie time ain't come yit; you drink yore coffee. The young ones don't like their coffee without no cream in it, but the cow's standin' on top of the corn-shed and I can't git up thar to milk her."

"Yes, I see her as I come down. Whar's yore hosses?"

"Buck has the roan, and I turned the rest loose and they took to the mounting."

"I ain't met up with coffee like that sence I eat hyur the last time, Lindy. You do beat the world on coffee. Whar's the rest of your stock?"

"I turned the hogs loose, too, but I reckon they drowned, and the chickens is

on the back porch nigh about starved. The corn-shed is under water and I ain't got much to feed 'em."

"Then yore man is shore 'nough layin' out?"

"Shore 'nough. Ever sence Bully Peters was killed and the feud broke out agin, Dave Peters has ben huntin' Buck day and night tell he can't hardly look at his own home no more. This house is watched stiddy all the time, and I ain't goin' to let him stay hyur and be shot down in his own door like his father was. La, ye ain't goin' back on my biscuits that soon, air ye?"

The visitor shook his head regretfully.

"When d'ye 'low that feud's goin' to end, Lindy? It shorely can't go on much longer."

The cheery smile of the delicate young face changed to a look of accustomed dread, and her gray eyes clouded with sorrow as she slowly replied: "It ain't goin' to end till one of them two men is shot, that's when, fur it's got down to them two, and there's fourteen lives between 'em. And I does hope the good Lord won't let it be Buck that has to miss! It ain't no quarrel of his'n—it was begun before he was born—but he's either got to shoot or be a mark. And they do say that Dave Peters wouldn't be no great loss, fur he's a hard case, and he ain't got wife nor child dependin' on him."

"I reely think," observed the guest, cutting a broad triangle of pie with the horn-handled knife laid across it for that purpose, while Lindy reached across and filled his coffee-cup for the fourth time, "I do, that Buck would be justified in leavin' the country. I reely think he wouldn't be blamed, not by them that has any sense, if he left the country on account of his woman and the kids. Them's awful nice kids, Lindy, and you ain't strong enough to do right by 'em alone."

His supper finished, Mr. Wall rose from the table and settled his hat well down upon his ears as he remarked: "Now, I don't want to skeer you, Lindy, but they

do say the river's on a wuss tear this time than what it's ever ben before, and I sort of come down to give ye the warnin' and take you and the kids up to our house tell the water goes down. The last thing Roxiny said was to be shore to fetch you back with me. My boat will carry you all, easy."

She struggled to the window through her clinging children and looked out into the falling darkness and upon the turgid yellow flood that widened well up on the Ohio hillsides opposite and that lapped and washed against the foundations of her own house.

"It is a-risin'," she admitted anxiously.

"You bet it is, and mighty fast. It's nigh-about covered them gate-posts sence I come in; they was in plain sight then. You all'd better come along."

She looked at her children and wavered for a moment. Then she shook her head.

"No, thank ye, Ben; it was awful clever of you to come after me, but I've got to stay here. My man is liable to come home any time, night or day, and he'd be skeered to death if we was all gone. I've got to keep a light in the winder for him so he won't get drowned tryin' to git hyur. I don't reckon the river's goin' to rise no higher than what it is now, and this old house has stood more'n one rise 'fore now."

"Jest as you say, Lindy. You all know your own mind, but I'd like mighty well to take you along now. Hows'ever, I'll keep watch of the water, and if it keeps on risin' through the night I'll be after you in the mornin'. And I don't like to resk it all night, but I don't see no other way—ef you won't go now. Anything I kin do to help ye make safe? Shore, now, there ain't? Wal, then, good night, Lindy, and good night, little Becky. She favors her paw, don't she? Hyur, little feller, got a kiss for me? What you call him? Dave? Oh, yes, that's after yore paw, ain't it?"

It was certainly very lonely after the big, wholesome, kindly presence had gone and she was alone with her babies and the terrible river, but Mrs. Hackedorn set the

tireless lamp in the window and went out to wash her dishes. She heard the swish and gurgle of the water under the house, which grew more insistent in the intenser silence of the night. The cellar had been flooded for three weeks. Her little children cowered around her and clung to her skirts, and a tremor of their fear thrilled her brave soul as she worked. But she sang in her soft, feminine bass old revival songs that she had heard at mountain camp-meetings in her childhood, and hymns that were sung at the church in the valley when she had gone there before her marriage, and negro melodies; and when the dishes were put away she sat in the old wooden rocking-chair by the living-room stove and took all three children in her arms and sang songs of triumph, ending with the Old Hundred and the doxology. She was listening with every nerve athrob to the threatening voice of the river which she had tempted, and longing and listening with her heart-strings tense for the call of a human voice that did not sound and the fall of a step that came not. And her heart grew cold as the hours wore on and the cluck and gurgle under the floor grew bolder and the slight rocking of the house was more perceptible. She knew that the last limit of safety had been reached when she made her decision to stay, and she wished that she had let Ben take the children. There had never been such a current around the house before. It was some company to hear the poor cow lowing for her supper. She was not quite alone.

The timbers of the house cracked slightly now and then, as if they were being sprung with a new pressure. Suddenly she put her hand down and shook the sleeping child at her side.

"Becky, Becky, git up, honey! Git up, baby; I know you're so sleepy, but maw's little girl must git up. The floor's all wet, honey. I reckon we'd best go up stairs and take the light. It looks like we're goin' to be sailors fur quite a spell yet."

She carried the two babies up to the low

sleeping-room above and came back for Becky and the lamp. She put all three children on the bed in their clothes and began to carry up supplies of all kinds as fast as possible. There was a mite of a stove in the room of the kind called a "hummer" in the mountains, and she carried up wood for this until she stopped from exhaustion. It was nearly morning, and she looked with satisfaction at the sufficient store of eatables and clothing she had laid in for the siege, for the last of which she had waded ankle-deep through the lower rooms. She put down the last load, a basket of canned fruit and a bag of potatoes, and went over to the bed where the children slept peacefully. Suddenly she fell upon her knees with a despairing cry: "Oh Lord, have mercy!"

A low chug—chug—chug answered her, and, uncovering her eyes, she went to the window and braved the dread sight, the serried lights of a river packet forging its way up stream.

"It's the Big Kanawha boat," she groaned, "and they oughtn't to let it run now!"

She bent over the bed as if to catch the children, and listened with strained ears—and waited. The house was swaying constantly now. Then it came, first the boom of the long, rolling wave against the building, the second, and she breathed again, but the third, the little wave, was the one which loosened the stout timbers that had stood for so long.

It was a sickening sensation to feel her house lifting and heaving beneath her. The woman dropped upon her knees and tried to remember how the preachers had prayed at camp-meeting in the mountains. Then she clasped her sleeping children and prayed with wild earnestness. One side of the house lifted itself clear of the foundation and then the other, and it rocked heavily back and forth with a sickening movement.

It sailed outward and caught upon the fence, scraping and rasping, but it lodged there till nearly daylight. Something

groaned and rapped on the window three times. The woman was superstitious, and buried her face in the bed clothes. She thought her husband had been killed and his ghost had come to her. She shook with an ague that the flood had not given her. The rapping went on, and a familiar "moo" brought her to her feet, laughing hysterically. "The pore old cow," she said, and went to the window. The cornshed had drifted up against the house, and the cow had walked over on the porch roof. It was daylight now, and she looked across the tawny sea over to the Ohio hills where the black, bristly forests were growing purple and pinkish under the touch of spring. A crest was coming down the river, and she watched it as it struck her house, lifted it off the fence, careened it to one side, and swept it out till it reached the slower current of the edge, where it sailed down from its own yard, uprooting one or two of the young trees on its way. The supplies that she had carried up so laboriously slid across the floor and piled themselves against the end window, the basket of fruit crashing into the firewood and landing finally upon the sack of flour and soaking it with fruit juice. The stovepipe wavered and fell after the other things had gone, and the little stove trundled down like a living thing and spitefully sat upon the rest of the store, with a shower of soot in its wake.

The children waked up and sat up in the bed, shouting with delight to find themselves in their clothes. When they saw the angle of the bed, the sloping floor and the wreck around them, they rejoiced beyond measure and tumbled out of bed to try to climb the floor and play in the rubbish heap of their supplies. The mother took the baby in her arms and kissed him passionately, creeping up to the front window to take her bearings. Hope rose as she looked out; the house was drifting out of the strongest current and slightly toward the shore. She could see the roofs of familiar houses all along above the water, while some, like her own, were miss-

ing! Upon a few of the little homes the families were sitting precariously, waiting to be rescued. The baby squealed with joy at sight of the poor cow, who stood with her feet braced upon the slippery porch roof at an impossible angle. The older children climbed along to the window and screamed with delight to see that the house was afloat.

"Whar we goin', maw?" cried Becky.

"God knows."

"Ain't we goin' to live home no more?"

"Some day, yes."

"Ain't this bully? Are we goin' wee—wee—off to whar paw is?"

"Yes, I reckon. Hold on tight, honey, and stay close to maw. Are you having a nice ride?"

"Ye-es! Don't you think this is fun, maw?"

"Yes, lots of fun, baby. We're havin' a jolly ride, ain't we?" said the mother, whose poor, white lips would hardly articulate.

Little Buchanan slid down to the heap in the end of the room and began to forage for breakfast, knowing that in this charmingly bohemian style of life he could do just as he pleased.

"Oh, maw!" he screamed in his piercing treble, "here's the hatchet gone through the punkin' pie, clean through! And the bluing bottle's all spilled into the butter!"

"Find whatever you kin, honey, because maw has to stay at the winder and look fur help. Ain't there no more pies? I baked six yisterday."

"Here's a mince pie and a can of sweet cakes," said motherly little Becky.

Poor Lindy watched in agonizing despair the turgid, hurrying flood, yellow with mud and carrying the wreckage of many a little home on its swift tide, and that once, before her horrified eyes, swept by an awful something which yesterday had been a man. She hugged her baby tighter as she saw that she was sweeping down to Morgan's Bend, from which an ugly ledge of rocks ran out into the river. At the present rate of the current she

knew that her unwieldy, rudderless craft would be carried upon the sharp rocks and dashed to pieces. It was not far distant now. The house was heaving and plunging with a new speed, and she was growing weak with despair as the timbers cracked overhead from the strain upon them. A sudden lurch threw the cow off into the river, but she rose and resolutely struck out for the shore, to the screaming enjoyment of the children. As the house whirled into a new position Lindy saw a man standing upon a roof with a rowboat tied beside him.

She had not lost her presence of mind before, but now she screamed in a wild, strange tone that thrilled her own ears and frightened the children, while she caught a sheet from the bed and waved it with all her strength.

The man saw her and hesitated. He knew that she was going to certain death; he saw that she carried a child and that other children's faces could be seen in the window, but he did not think he could overtake her before she was on the ledge, and he had been in that very employment of rescuing drifters long enough to know the difficulty and danger of getting hysterical women and children from upper stories where the lower floor was submerged just half way, as this was. He hesitated for one minute, or perhaps two, while the woman's agonizing screams cut through the still air and into his heart. Then he waved back to her, and she was quiet while he untied the painter of his skiff from the chimney top and got into it. The house whirled into the eddy and stopped as he rowed with strong, steady strokes out to it, his body swaying with his oars. He gained upon it, and as it wobbled down toward the ledge the window came in sight and the woman gave a low cry of joy in her soft bass voice to see help at hand. He came up at last and threw his painter to her.

"You'll hev to git out the end winder," he said gruffly, "you can't git them young ones down from here."

She pointed to the heap of debris that covered the other window.

"Then we got to make it this way, and mighty quick! How many kids?"

"Three."

"I reckon you'll hev to drop down into the boat and let me throw the young ones down to you." He was watching the motions of the house while he talked. He leaned out suddenly and breathed a deep oath. "Never mind now," he said fiercely. "Kin you swim?"

"No, and it wouldn't do no good if I could—with the young ones," she said, with the resignation of her class.

"Then I reckon it's all up fur us. We'll be on the Backbone in two minutes. Here, git out on the roof and hold on. If the house don't turn over on us I can git you and one kid out all right. Take your pick and stick to it—and fur God's sake don't clinch me nowhar. Just trust me and I'll git you out—or go down with you, but it's only one kid!"

Lindy got out on the slippery roof and deliberately took her three children in her arms. It was plain that she would cling to them all and go down with them, and the man swore less softly than before as he took off his boots and coat. He was estimating her probable weight and clumsiness as he moved.

As the house reached the ledge it paused, rose and sailed lightly over the outer rocks and lodged.

"Thank God!" cried the woman hoarsely.

"The river's never been high enough to do that before," said the man. "It's the worst flood ever known. We're here, high and dry, but there's no tellin' when we'll git off."

The baby leaned over with a wide, toothless smile and touched the man's ugly sunburned whiskers with his soft white fingers.

"Da-da," he said.

"Oh, you think I'm your daddy, does you? Whar is yore daddy?"

"He ain't home," said the mother quickly.

"I see he ain't. Well, he'd orto be!"

"I know whar my daddy is," volunteered Becky. "He's layin' low fur Dave Peters," and she nestled closer to the man's knee.

He turned upon her with a strange look. "Oh, he is, is he? Yore daddy's layin' low fur Dave Peters, is he? And what's he goin' to do to Dave Peters when he ketches him?"

Lindy turned her white, worn young face to him quickly.

"He don't want to do nothin' to Dave Peters, and it wasn't his scrap in the beginnin'; I 'low it was begun long before he was born, but it's got down to them two men now, and Dave Peters has swore that my man won't live to plant corn this spring. That's why he weren't home to take keer of us last night. I can't let him stay thar to be murdered afore his little chillen. And I hopes they'll never meet, for when they do—only one of them is goin' to ride home—and the Lord knows which it'll be! I never know what to look fur. My man may not be—livin'—this minute; he shoredly would 'a' come home last night if he could. They do say Dave Peters is a terrible hard case; he wouldn't be no great loss to nobody, fur he ain't got no fambly and the country kin do without him."

The man, who held little Becky in the hollow of his arm, while Buchanan crowded closer to his knee, suddenly turned his face to the river and relieved some emotion by a few low, fervent oaths, original and forceful. They were fairly on the Backbone now, scraping and rumbling, as the waves rubbed the stanch hickory floors upon the rocks. A passing packet sent out a curving roll of water that lifted and carried the house over the ledge and flung it into the still pool in the curve of the bend, with the boat hanging high and dry to the porch roof by the painter. A great bird with flapping wings circled above and swooped inquiringly down upon them once or twice. The man looked up at it with a grim smile.

"Naw, we ain't invited ye to breakfast on us yit," he said. "But there's some gone down river fur ye. Now, Mis' Hack-edorn, when we've settled down some I reckon we kin git these kids out comfortable."

Lindy gave him a grateful smile, and little Becky hugged closer. The baby turned from his mother's neck and held out his dainty hands with some friendly remarks in his own dialect. The man chuckled to him in an embarrassed way, hesitated, and then accepted the child's advances by holding out his hands awkwardly. The little one fell forward into them in trustful surrender.

"Oh, you're still thinkin' I'm yore daddy, air ye? Nice daddy you've got, to be layin' out fur a man while his kids is takin' a pleasure trip down river fur their health. Has he ben gone so long the baby's done forgot him?"

The older children were highly amused at this sally, and Buchanan patted the man's knee as he squatted upon the roof.

"He ain't never took to a stranger like that afore," apologized the mother. "I don't know what ails him. Look at that, will ye?" For the baby was bobbing his curly yellow head unsteadily as he bestowed damp kisses over the weatherworn, grizzled face which he held in place by the ears.

"Let him go it," ordered the man, warding off the mother's hands. "I reckon I ain't ben kissed sence I was his age. Ef he likes it, I ain't objectin'."

"I 'lowed maybe you hed kids of yore own, seein' you're so good to 'em," ventured Lindy.

"Naw, I ain't nothin' but a farm an' some beasts. My mother, she died when I was young, and my father got—he died sudden a few years back, and my brothers—wall, they died kind of sudden, too, at different times, the last one only 'bout a month ago, and—I'm the last."

Lindy's soft eyes looked deep pity. "Pshaw, now, ain't that too bad? And you so kind and handy, too! But that's

like my man, only he's got us. He's the last of his folks, too; but they was all killed—shot by that Peters gang. But thar ain't nothin' to hender yore gettin' married, is thar?"

"Nothin' but the woman. Hyur, little feller, you've took to me most owdacious, ain't you? My sakes, how tight you kin hug a feller! Whoopee! What a muscle you hev got! An' so yore daddy is out killin' Dave Peters, is he?"

"What else kin he do? It's got to be one or other, an' he 'lowed he'd try hard to—to—sort of finish up this trip so's he could git some crops in this spring. He heard Dave was down by Doogan's Land-in' somewhar an' he come down this way. They do say Dave is the toughest and the savagest of the hull gang—but I never yet heard 'em say he was a coward. Hold off, Davy, you're jest everlastingly tearing the man to pieces; the good, kind man that's a-saving our lives!"

"What'd you call this baby?"

"He's named David Mosely fur my father. Quit it, now, Davy."

"Davy—little Dave! So his name's Dave, is it? Yas, I 'low I knowed Dave Mosely. Dave! Ef—that man—Dave Peters, done anything to his dad I reckon you'd change his name, wouldn't ye?"

"Indeed, I would that! Ef I could only git my man to it, I'd coax him to leave the country now, fur we've lost every mortal thing we hed except a patch of washed-out ground without a stick of building or a single beast left on it, not even a pore chicken. And I reckon we'll hev to camp under a tree anyway this summer, so we might as well go away whar he has a chance to live; we couldn't wuss ourselves. But, he won't do it, I know. He'll just say the country ain't big enough fur 'em both, and the last man's the man that lives. Buck Hackedorn ain't no coward."

"Naw, he ain't that," admitted the man with the air of one who knows. "You air in a bad fix," he added reflectively. "Three young ones. And a mighty likely baby. Named Dave! And all I kin do is to take

you down to Doogan's, whar they've got gov'ment tents up and are gittin' gov'ment grub. They'll take that much keer of ye thar, but you won't git no clo'es."

The woman laughed cheerily.

"Well, that's a heap. After last night all I ask is to git my babies safe on dry land once more and git my man home alive, and we'll thrive all right. Why, we'll be rich at that; I'll live under a tree and root for berries and be happy."

"I reckon ye will," said the man candidly, working his squeezed face from the baby's ardent embrace. "And, I reckon, soon's Dave Peters is—planted—yore troubles is over," he added grimly.

"Oh, yes," said the woman cheerfully, "but I do wish they was women, so they could make it up. But Buck says it's too late fur that now. The country can't hold 'em both."

"No more it won't. He's right; they can't never make it up now with fourteen lives between 'em. The hull country 'd take up arms to exterminate 'em ef they'd offer to make it up. You hev to hev some regards to folks's opinions."

"Do you know Dave Peters?" she asked suddenly, impressed by the personal way in which he was considering the possibilities.

"Me? Do I know Dave Peters? Why—yes, m'm,—hold on, little Dave, or you'll lunge overboard of this boat—yes, m'm, I hev what you might call a speaking acquaintanceship with him. And he's a tough old cuss, he is."

"Yes, I've always heard that—and a shore shot," she said hopelessly. "But I never heard that he was a coward with all his other deviltry. I never heard that yet."

"I reckon that's true," admitted the man with modest reluctance, as he passed his hand over the sunlit gold of the baby's head, while Buchanan and Becky squabbled for the nearest place on his knee, enjoying the mere protection of his strong presence. Their mother felt it, too, and lapsed into a confidential tone with this utter stranger that was wholly uncon-

scious, for she deeply respected the conventionalities.

"You don't reckon thar'd be any chance of coaxin' Dave Peters to—to kind of—hold off tell fall, seein' what luck we've hed, ef a body went and told him of it, do ye? You see that if their paw don't git no chance to put in his crops right soon, thar won't be nothin' fur them young ones to eat. And it's about all I kin do to take keer of them. Ef I could find him and talk to him and tell him how it is—"

"It wouldn't be no use, Mis' Hackedorn. You'd jest be wastin' time and trouble. That man is a tough case, like you heard. He's a reg'lar terror; he'd jest as lief kill women an' chillen as not. He'd everlastingly chaw up this hyur baby, even. Naw, don't you try that, Mis' Hackedorn, don't you never try that! It ain't safe. But I'll tell you what. You air in a bad fix, that's shore, and all these kids—and little Dave, too. I'll tell ye something that's a secret. Why, that Dave Peters has jumped the country. Ye hadn't heard that, had ye?"

"Lord, no! You don't mean that for truth, do ye?"

"That's the sworn truth. I see a man that knows him well, jest about night afore last, I think it was, and he said Dave told him the country round hyur was git-tin' too tame for him and it weren't wuth while to stay and end up a feud with only one man—and him with a snarl of young ones—and so he'd lit out for the west, whar he's goin' to ranch it. You see, Old Man Peters is gone, and all the other boys is planted, too, and Dave never was no 'count farmin' much, and so he lit out."

"O-o-h, Lord!" breathed the poor woman in a speechless reaction of joy.

"Yas, that's straight goods I'm givin' ye. You kin tell Buck Hackedorn to go back to his famby and sleep nights, for Dave Peters won't never be seen in this country no more. And stidder goin' back to that washed-out swamp of your'n, you go down to—let's see who—you go down

to Square Hegler at Doogan's Landin' and you kin rent the Peters farm as cheap as talk—all stocked—good buildin's—nice frame house, all but the kitchen—that's log, an' all furnished to live in, dishes and spoons, and a white kiver on the parlor bed and a box of bed quilts in the loft, all fixed ready to use; yas, you kin rent that cheap. Now, you do it, and right off, too, for if Dave don't know that his farm and beasts ain't in good hands he might git a hankerin' to come back to 'tend it. This ain't no chaff. The man I talked to knows Dave well, knows him like a brother, and,—here, hold on tight—we're settlin' down now, so's I kin git that skiff. Take the baby while I git you all into it, an' then I'll row you all down to Doogan's, whar the gov'ment camp is, and you can git your breakfast. Why, little man, don't ye want to go to yore own mammy? Seems like he's took a wonderful shine to me."

The house had sprung apart on the rocks and was settling fast. The man got his passengers all safe aboard his boat and pulled hastily out into the stream to escape the suction of the sinking house. Then he pulled for Doogan's. Lindy looked back at the chimney of her disappearing home with misty eyes, but she said not a word.

"I kin row ye up Jefferson Street as fur as the postoffice and ye kin step right off the roof of that onto the spur of the mounting and go up to the camp yore-self—you see whar it is now. And, if ye kin git off one of them yaller curls from little Davy's head with my knife, hyur, I'd like it the best kind. It might sort of bring me good luck—in a new country! Oh, don't ye go to thankin' me, now! I ain't done nothin', nothin' whatever. That's a pretty curl; I'm obleeged to ye—jest drap it into my wallet, hyur—and hyur we air. Wal, good-by, kids. Want to kiss me agin, little Davy? Wal, I've no objections. Good day to ye, Mis' Hackedorn, and don't forgit about that farm."

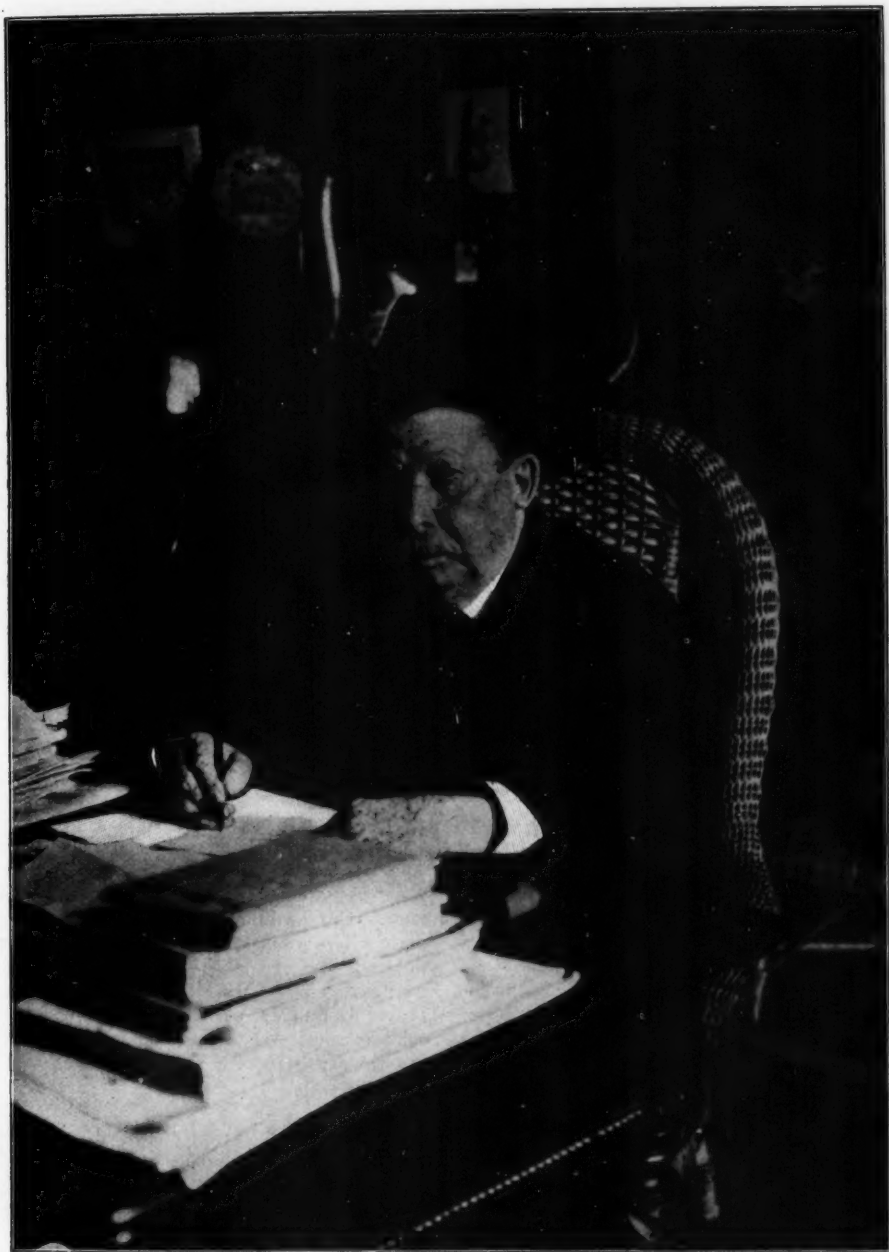
MEN
WOMEN AND
AFFAIRS

OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS
THE ARTS AND
THE DRAMA

JEPSON, who has a kind of a genius for reminiscence, used to talk now and then, at intimate hours, about his Mississippi house-boat voyage. Jepson has been about a good deal—has proved that the world is round, has made rather a specialty of going up rivers, and has stopped off almost anywhere he wished. He has dashed through the great capitals of the world to get at some odd little hamlet for which he honed, and he has taken journeys into such continuing wildernesses that the only thing he could do, once having got there, was to turn around and come back again. Once he stopped business to go over and see the Siberian salt mines; another time he broke off a flirtation to dash down to look at the ruins in Yucatan. But he says very little about these exploits. The journey he really likes to discourse on is that one down the Mississippi River in a house-boat. The odd part about it all is that the house-boat was never built, and that Jepson never went. The Mississippi is the only thing about the whole affair that was not an illusion. It was the first journey that Jepson had ever taken. He was merely an electrician's assistant then, and the originalities that have since made him famous were merely buzzing around bothersomely in his head. He and two other work-tied fellows used to room together in a cluttered boarding house. They had all been born country boys, and they hated the streets and the shops and the boarding house. When spring came they used to have to swear to each other to keep to their jobs a week longer at least, to prevent throwing all sanity to the winds and gallivanting off down the road. In the hot nights, when they crowded in the tiny, sweltering bedrooms, or sat in Siller's lugubrious beer parlor, they devised the trip down the Mississippi in a house-boat. They constructed that boat to the last bolt of her; they provided her with every imaginable necessary; they were as

economical as if they had something to be economical with, and as nautical as if they had been old salts. She was to be built somewhere up near the Neck o' th' Woods—where, it will be admitted, there is plenty of timber. She was to be painted such colors as never were on sea or land, and was destined to be manned by a crew of imponderable weight—for how could such thistle-down lightness of heart be subject to corporeal laws? And she was to sail down an enchanted river. The potential adventures of the craft and the crew exceeded any that returning mariner or written page have related; and the friendship of the three was to endure even unto death. Jepson says he has never known what friendship was since he parted with those boys. He swears no drink will ever hold the witchcraft of that meager *Stein* in Siller's fly-specked *Keller*. As for the journey itself, Marco Polo might have been envious of it—so adventurous, courageous, astonishing was it, so great an impetus did its spirit of discovery give it, so valiant was the disposition of its crew! Then Jepson got one of his ideas, which meant that for a time he was blind and deaf to all beside that idea—for Jepson is a genius; that is to say, he is dominated by ideas, and it is his labor to provide the world with new and amazing conveniences. He accuses himself bitterly of having forgotten even those two good friends. When he came to himself he had already laid the foundation of that celebrity which has now become an enduring fame. He was summoned East to the laboratory of a man who could appreciate what he was doing. And before he knew it, youth had slipped from him. When he realized this he reproached himself bitterly, and he went back in search of his friends. One had died, quite miserably, in a railway hospital, of a lingering fever, with no friend near. The other was married, and slaved for several children. He was poor



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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

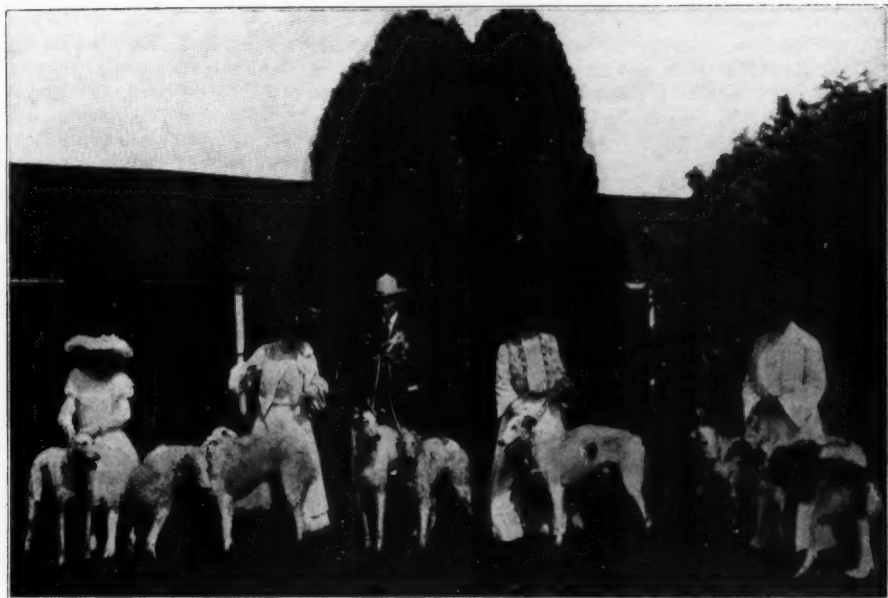
The creator of "Uncle Remus" in his study at his home in Atlanta, Georgia, on his fifty-eighth birthday anniversary

and dull and irritable, and he only looked foolish when Jepson fell to dreaming aloud about that journey down the Mississippi in a house-boat. Jepson wanted to take the journey then, and he promised to carry the other man's family along, but the other man had become sad and practical, and he said he thought he'd grown up if Jepson hadn't. That's really the secret of Jepson's journeyings. He's been going here and there and everywhere, trying to find some adventure that would equal those supposititious ones, and he's been trying to find such company as he had in those poor, rich, foolish, wise, pitiful, wonderful days. But he has never succeeded. He knows the distinguished and the ambitious and the rich and the restless, but none has ever sat beside him in gondola or dahabiyeh or sledge or motor that can rival, for answering eye and melting soul, the two lads who dreamed dreams with him. As for the Mississippi, he looks at its tawny current, at its untidy "batu" and its monotonous banks, and loathes it and loves it with a poignancy that the most beautiful or the most terrible scenes fail to arouse.

MAXIME Gorky, the consistent socialist, who knows what he wants and who takes what he desires, has certainly made a heavy demand upon the social courage of his entertainers. He comes to this country accompanied by a beautiful and talented companion, Mademoiselle Andrieva. Madame Gorky remains in Russia. Hotels with a scrupulous policy and hostesses with an ineradicable penchant for monogamy indicate their unwillingness to entertain this brilliant couple. Resentment follows. The Americans, shriek the Russian revolutionists, do not understand liberty. They are in the infancy of personal freedom. Even the deserted Madame Gorky—so the papers aver—expresses indignation at the "intrusion into the personal and intimate life" of her husband. She is astonished, it appears, "that Americans are not free from prejudice dead already even in Russia." Nothing new, it is to be imagined, could so surprise the Russian revolutionists. It took something old to do that; but no apologies need be offered for surprising a group of persons who have, one would believe, made something of a specialty of surprise on their own account. It would be not uninteresting to know what

if is the Russians congratulate themselves on having already outgrown—is it integrity, or fidelity to an oath at once legal and religious, or the sense of marital and parental responsibility? Are they polygamists? The elucidation of these points would be interesting. It must be urged, however, in defense of the American prudishness, that no one has interfered with Gorky or the beautiful Mademoiselle Andrieva. They are permitted to remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society. If their domestic ideas differ from those of the majority of householders in this country, then those householders may stand on their immemorial rights to withhold an invitation to "The Bitter One" and his unconventional bride to enter into relations with their families. This is no intrusion. Quite the contrary. It is a separation. We have an old-fashioned idea in this country—and there are "folks" elsewhere who hold the same—that if the family is kept pure the government will take care of itself. Some one might mention to Gorky and his emancipated brotherhood that what he attributes to hypocrisy is really a form of patriotism. Besides, there are ideals of chivalry still extant in this part of the world, and while there are public men who might be so selfish or so individualistic, if Gorky pleases, as to leave a woman in the position of Madame Gorky, there is none who would be so unfeeling as to permit any woman whom he honored with his continuous companionship to be placed as Mademoiselle Andrieva is now. "The Bitter One" may fume and spume if he pleases, but he will find that we have, in this country, passed the place where we need to be wholesale destructionists. We are constructionists. We are not tearing down the edifice of monogamy. It has its defects, perhaps, but it will keep out the winds and the cold rain better than the tawdry structure in which Gorky at present dwells.

MR. H. W. Buck, an electrical engineer of standing, who has been long associated with the scientific development of electric power at Niagara, has been stating the utilitarian side of the question of usurping the waters of the majestic falls for manufacturing purposes. He points out that if all the hydraulic power of the Falls was utilized there would be an annual saving of



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T. B. THOMAS, JR.

Owner of the finest kennels of Russian wolf-hounds in the world

thirty-five dollars per horse-power for three million five hundred thousand horse-power, or one hundred and twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars, and in addition there would be an annual saving in coal consumption of about fifty million tons. These figures, he says, illustrate what it costs the people of this continent annually to maintain Niagara as a spectacle. "This waste involved in prohibiting the development of Niagara power might be likened to a great conflagration in which fifty million tons of coal were annually consumed. Such a conflagration might be one of the most magnificent sights in the world, and people might come from all parts to view it, but the human race would certainly be justified in using every effort to put out the fire." By all means, let us save the potential coal—we who have overmined coal this very year till the soft coal dealers profess themselves ruined! Let us cut down the redwoods of California for our elevators and our store-houses—for why should those millions upon millions of feet of timber lie idle! Let us strip the heights of the Yosemite, convert

that transfiguration scene of the Yellowstone Falls into a commercial mess of chimneys, towers and graceless walls; let us make our parks into cabbage fields and plant corn beside our boulevards! We must not indulge in "exaggerated sentimentalism," Mr. Buck warns us. But why not? Sentimentalism is nothing of which to be ashamed. Nor, indeed, is commercialism. But there is a certain glory in commercialism—a fine and gorgeous flower which it may bear. It is the ability to purchase—to acquire—to enjoy. We are a commercial and a prosperous nation. And we can afford Niagara. We can reckon the value of our investment, and the interest on it, and still we can afford it. Mr. Buck urges that the investors in Niagara power have not been mere selfish money-makers. It is the people who are benefited, he maintains—the people who have cheaper artificial graphite and emery, cheaper carborundum, cheaper caustic soda, more and cheaper aluminum. No question. To underestimate the intelligence and scientific achievement represented by the mills, laboratories and experiment stations on the

banks of Niagara would be obtuse indeed. But the question remains, can we not afford to pay more for these articles—since it is really we who are not the manufacturers that are substantially benefited—and keep our sublime “spectacle”? We pay a tax for all of our necessities and luxuries, it is said. Since Mr. Buck is so good at figures, perhaps he will let us know how great is the tax each man must pay for the privilege of preserving Niagara in its majestic beauty? His computation will prove, one is inclined to think, to even the poorest and most economical man, that he, personally, can afford the Falls.

ELLIS Parker Butler's "Pigs Is Pigs" made such a strike as a short story that it has recently been issued all by itself in a little book bearing on the cover an indicative drawing of two guinea-pigs pouring out of a cornucopia a multitude of progeny. To an



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

inquiry as to his career, Mr. Butler replies as follows: "I was born in Iowa; am a member of the Iowa Society of New York, just organized. Used to keep guinea-pigs and

rabbits in Iowa, and might have been a second Thompson-Seton but that the rats ate my live stock faster than I could study it. X-rays were not then invented, or I might have continued my studies of guinea-pigs in the rats. I came to New York about eight years ago on the advice of Tom Masson and R. U. Johnson, and arrived with two hundred dollars in my pocket. I have often wondered since whether I should ever again have as much money all at one time. On arriving in New York I began the life of a free-lance writer for the humorous weeklies and the magazines, and succeeded so well that in a few months I had no money left, and hundreds of editors did not stand outside my door awaiting my previous MSS.! Mark Twain is my 'ero."

A MAN in charge of a department in a large reference library in Philadelphia was asked by a woman caller for a book on geology. She sat and read it all day. The next day she called for a work on botany. For four successive days she read history, astronomy, essays and photography. On the last day she returned the book and confided to the man in charge that she did not know what to read during the next week.

"What is the object of your reading?" he inquired.

"Well, it's this way," said the woman. "I wasn't well educated, and I don't play the piano or sing—and—" She hesitated and looked at him wistfully. Seeing sympathy in his eyes, she proceeded: "I have been afraid for some time that I was losing my husband's love. I know my conversation isn't interesting, and I thought if I could read up on some useful things my talk at the table would hold him, and he might stay in nights."

"What is your husband's business?" asked her listener.

"He has a string of horses at the race track," she said.

On another occasion the same librarian was confronted by a brisk young woman of twenty-four or twenty-five, with a very businesslike way.

"What have you on Buddhism?" she asked.

The attendant brought out several volumes on the subject.

"Oh, dear, those are too large. I haven't got time to read those big books. Haven't you something shorter—a small book?"

The man showed her the article on Buddhism in the encyclopedia.

"Even that is too long. I haven't got time to read that. You see, I'm going over to India as a missionary, and I merely want to get the main points, so I can confute their theories."

THE American Institute of Social Help of New York is a young and useful organization, quite in keeping with the best spirit of the time. It was founded in 1898 by Josiah Strong, the author of "Our Country," and by William H. Tolman, and it has grown until it has correspondents all over the world. Its labor is a patriotic one—it believes in constructive service, not destructive—not the arts of war, but those of peace. Nor is the peace it supports a slothful one. It desires every citizen, no matter what his age, to be up and doing for the public good. Whoever wants to know anything about social progress, the formation of village improvement societies, the locating of town, factory or residence sites, the preservation of woods, the making of roads, the construction of parks, or any similar matter, has only to write to this effective organization to get the best of advice.

R. C. CARTON, among all the English dramatists, is the one who knows best how to write a good farce. Since his "Lord and Lady Algy" he has done nothing that excels the picture of the fast life led by that couple, who are excellent fellows, both of them. Yet, like most dramatists, Mr. Carton has repeated himself several times. Were it not for the fact that in "Mr. Hopkinson" he has devoted himself to a character sketch, there would be much in common between the amusing *Hoppy* and the far better *Algy*. To call this new-comer a cad is a compliment—to call him a miser is mild. When he comes upon the stage you immediately see what he is—a little fish out of water—a little bookkeeper with a fortune. He comes into high society, he apes the people, and they—well, *Hoppy* is rich! The play is vicious in idea, pointless in motive—yet, as a character portrait, it is irresistibly funny, and just as irresistibly repellent. For *Hop-*

py, bleary-eyed and snake-like in a fat way, is only a portrait, and photography on the stage is tiresome. Yet what makes "Mr. Hopkinson" a success? Bright dialogue and



DALLAS WELFORD
as Mr. Hopkinson

clever acting. Mr. Dallas Welford prides himself on the fact that he does not have to "make up" for his part. To look upon his "plain" portrait is sufficient to create a smile. But it is the detail of his work that counts—the gestures that show *Hoppy* as he was when "in trade." There are cases in the drama where an actor waits long before the spirit moves him to success. Mr. Welford has slipped into *Hoppy* as a hand slips into the glove.

The play is thoroughly English, because, simple as it may seem, it has been written by an Englishman. Unfortunate the play-

wright who strays far from home! Augustus Thomas should heed this. There are three things about his "The Embassy Ball" that are against it: first, its unfortunate lack of idea, then its palpable imitation of Sothorn's *Dundreary*, and finally the conventional acting of Lawrence D'Orsay. No one wants to deny Mr. Thomas his talent—for he is a master of dialogue, and his epigrams are flashing and true. But the Washington life he depicts is stogy; there is no real atmosphere; everything has been seen before in other plays and other places. It is a needless expense of energy to parade before our eyes a cartoon senator—admirably played by George Clarke—a typical actress, and sprinkle the scenes with a little French spice of "adventure." "The Embassy Ball" has been rewritten by Mr. Thomas; it is to be doubted whether a third version would alter the play materially.

THE death of Professor Israel Cook Russell, geologist, of the University of Michigan, takes another brilliant scholar from a faculty that has suffered extraordinary depletion by death during the past three years. Professor Russell was a man of singularly strong influence among the student body. He had the happy faculty of believing in men, and there is, perhaps, no more effective way of building up character. As for his methods of instruction, they were worthy of a university. His understanding of the physical world was wide, and his inner vision broad. It was the great subjects of science in which he found his interest, and something heroic and splendid entered into his conception of the universe, and communicated itself to the students who listened to him. He was a graduate of the New York University, and a post-graduate student of the Columbia School of Mines. His journeyings, which were extensive, began when he was made a member of the United States Transit of Venus Expedition to New Zealand in 1874. Later he assisted in the United States Geographical and Geological Survey of the One-hundredth Meridian. Travels in Europe followed, and in 1880 he was made geologist of the United States Geological Survey, a post which he held with undiminished enthusiasm until his death. He knew the West as few men know it. Towns and

civilization he could endure, and grace; but he was himself when he was in the yellow world of Arizona, or the silences of the Sierra Nevadas, with a train of pack mules, precisely the right kind of instruments for making observations, and a corps of keen, efficient and inquisitive young geologists or engineers to second his efforts. He had been contemplating an offer made him to go to Leland Stanford, when a swift pneumonia put an end to his capable and useful career.

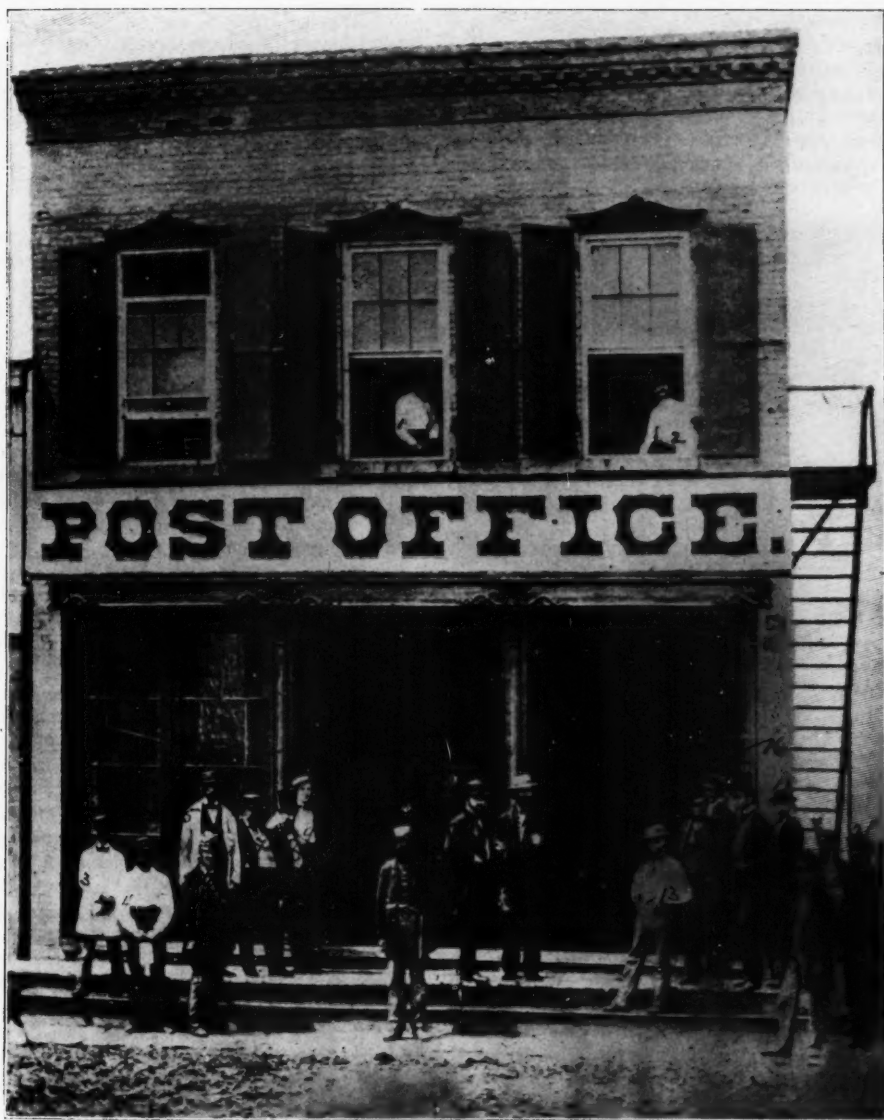
IT is interesting information that Swinburne's beautiful "Atalanta in Calydon" is to be performed in London. There must be serious difficulties in the way, and after they are surmounted it will be lovers of poetry rather than habitués of the drama who will sit to listen. There must, however, be plenty and still plenty of Londoners who will ask for no better delight than to hear that most imaginative of all Swinburne's dramas, read by cultivated voices, amid agreeable surroundings. The stage manager can at best be no more than an accompanist, so to speak, to the music of Swinburne's words; and the less he obtrudes himself, the more content he is to suggest, rather than to realize, the greater satisfaction will he give to his audience.

"A MARVELOUS man, President Roosevelt," said an enthusiastic American to the Honorable John Morley. "I hardly know how one would describe him."

"It is difficult," mused the distinguished statesman. "Perhaps he might be called a cross between St. George and St. Vitus."

THIS enlarged reproduction is from a photograph owned by Capt. Julius A. Lemcke, of Indianapolis, former treasurer of the state of Indiana. It has never before been published. The original was taken in July, 1861, and shows a group of men in front of the postoffice at Cairo, Illinois. The picture looks much like one of the stage settings in George Ade's play, "The County Chairman."

The central figures are historic. One is Ulysses S. Grant, then the recently appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry. The other, John A. McClernand, afterward a major-general in the Union

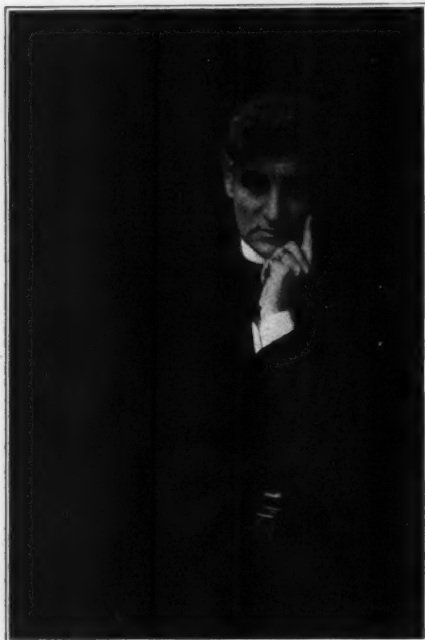


THE POSTOFFICE, CAIRO, ILLINOIS, JULY, 1861

(1) "Bill" Smith; (2) George Olmstead, at the windows. On the steps and on the sidewalk, from left to right, are (3) William H. Thomas; (4) Jacques, butcher and dairyman; (5) Thomas, brickmason; (6) "Bill" Lee; (7) D. T. Linegar; (8) "Bob" Jennings; (9) Al Sloo, son of the postmaster; (10) officer of the day; (11) Col. U. S. Grant, (12) Col. J. A. McClernand; (13) C. C. Davidson; (14) Benjamin Munn; (15 and 16) not identified; (17) Ninian W. Edwards; (18) Fred Theobald; (19) John Maxey, butcher; (20) Philip Howard; (21) Sam Hall

army. A third distinguished person in the assemblage is Ninian W. Edwards, long a prominent politician in Illinois.

Captain Lemcke, at the time this picture was taken, was a steamboat captain running between Evansville, Indiana, and Cairo, Illinois, and knew nearly all the persons here represented. Probably not one of these is now living.



DAVID BELASCO

Dramatist, manager and producer

WHEN Rose Pastor Stokes was in Chicago she inspired a discussion among the Trade Union League members on the living wage for women. The girls bore evidence that six dollars was not a living wage, but pathetically compromised on ten dollars. What they must have meant was that such a wage gave the earner "too much to die, but not enough to live." These girls are, indeed, not in a position to know what living means. They have never had a sense of liberty—have never been able to indulge in any pleasure without reflecting whether or not it could be afforded. Almost invariably their pleasures must be foregone because of lack

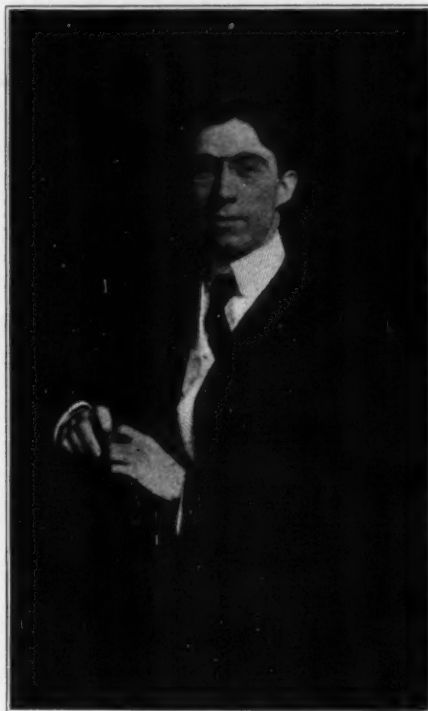
of time. The discussion referred to, however, revealed the fact that ten dollars was an exceptionally generous wage for women industrial workers. Miss Heath, a member of the typographical union, told of seven girls working in a packing house at the stock yards who receive eighty-five cents a week. These girls live together, munch bread between hours, and indulge in one miserable meal a day. They live near the "yards" to save car fare. Imagination does not suggest what their clothing must be. It appears that the general average of wages for girls is five dollars a week—a state of poverty mitigated merely by the fact that the majority of working girls live at home and regard labor as a makeshift to carry them over from childhood to marriage. The great menace of the low wage is, however, that it opens the door to peculiar temptations, and that the girl who endeavors to live on five or six dollars a week may form associations which make simple home-keeping and honorable marriage not to her taste or within her powers of attainment. Mrs. Stokes expressed herself as being of opinion that Mr. Sinclair's book, "The Jungle," was substantially true. She might rather have said that it was substantially possible. The residents of the University of Chicago Settlement, who live and work among the packing-house people year in and year out, and who give of their best energies and sympathies to these same people, say that Upton Sinclair has condensed in the brief period of his story's enactment every horror and untoward event that has occurred in the packing houses for years. They deprecate the emphasis he has laid upon the relations of the men and women employees, saying that it does an injustice to the great majority of the workers of both sexes. Brutality may and does exist. But it is not usual. It is not acquiesced in, or, indeed, really recognized by the great body of home-keeping employees. "Mr. Sinclair's book pictures life in the packing houses as hell," said one experienced settlement worker. "There are spots of hell there, and, at best, life for the employees is hard. But if it were the hideous thing that Mr. Sinclair's book makes it out to be, it would be insupportable." Tom Watson expresses a sane editorial opinion when he says that all the disasters which overtook the hero of "The Jungle" might have happened to one

man, but that they never did. He has taken the misfortunes of fifty men and dumped them all on his overburdened hero. He has condensed the horrors of years into a short space of time, and caused them to be encountered by a small group of people. There should be limits to an author's cruelty. He should not so villainously exceed destiny—he should not undertake to give lessons to the Fates. They know too much already about the way to make men uncomfortable.

"YOU may tell me," said Carl Schurz in a speech in Faneuil Hall, "that my views are visionary; that the destiny of this country is less exalted; that the American people are less great than I think they are or ought to be. I answer: Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring man on the deserts of water, you will choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny."

ONE of the most touching incidents related by Lady Burton concerning her remarkable husband, Sir Richard Burton, tells of the tender interest he felt always in travelers' graves. She speaks of his visiting the city of Gwato, in Africa, where the explorer Belzoni was buried. Burton was then on his Dahoman mission, and traveled extensively. He went far out of his way to pay this tribute to the unfortunate Italian explorer, who, it was believed, had been murdered for the sake of plunder. Burton offered a reward for the return of the dead man's note-books and papers, hoping to be able to present them to Padua, but he was unable to get trace of them, so he contented himself with erecting a tablet to his memory and sending a handful of flowers from his grave to the explorer's home city. He found Belzoni buried under a vast spreading tree which bore poison apples. "It is remarkable," observes Lady Burton, "the tender feeling that Richard had for travelers' graves abroad; indeed, any English graves abroad; but especially travelers or Englishmen. The number of graves that we have sought out and put in a state of repair and furnished with tombstones and flowers, you would hardly believe—Lady Hester Stanhope's in Syria, Jules Jaquemont's in Bom-

bay, a French traveler, and many, many others. It showed the feeling that he had about a traveler coming home to lay his bones to rest in his own land, and the respect he had for their resting-place. It makes me all the more thankful that I was able to bring him home to the place he chose himself, and that our friends enabled me to put up such a monument to him."



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

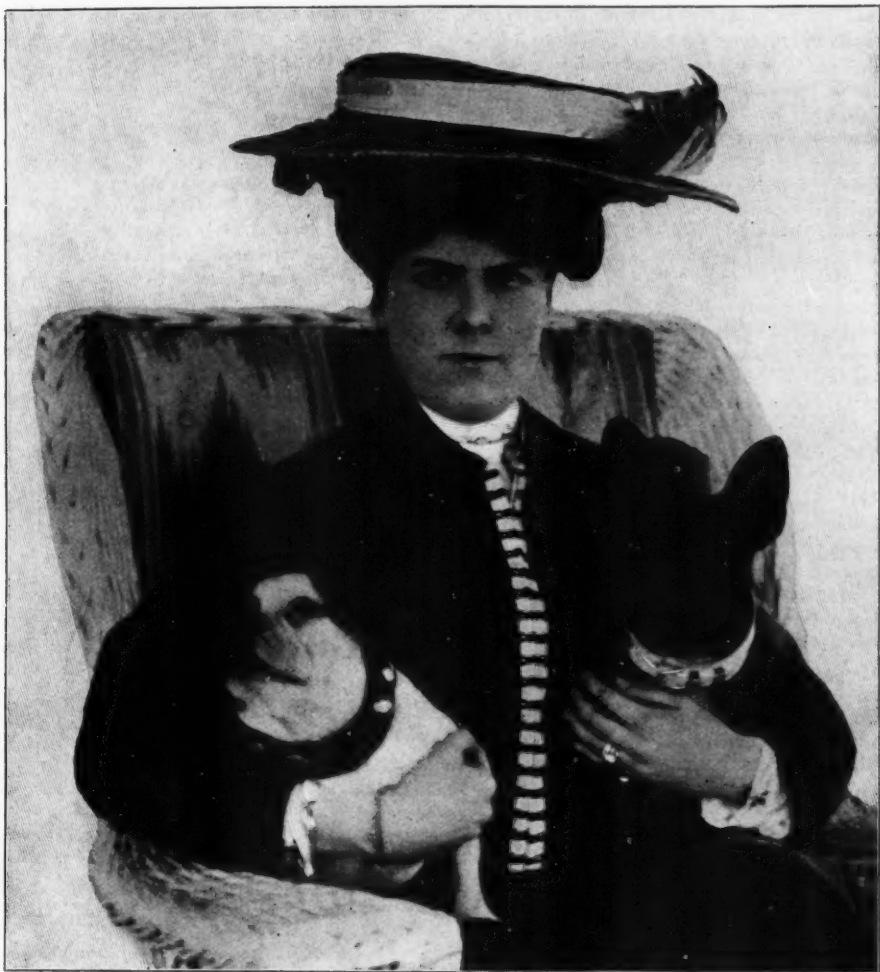
Whose play "The Stolen Story" has had a successful first production in Boston

AN especially interesting and instructive chapter in Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Barry's "At the Gates of the East" is on Montenegro. Here, the author affirms, one may "take a breath of freedom, of orderliness, of clean living." It is reached by a precipitous road hanging above the sea. Barry rode, "a solitary figure on the flanks of the Black Mountain, face to face with gathering night, the only sound the champing bits and the monotonous echo of the

horse's feet upon the limestone, an abyss alternating at every turn from the right side to the left." He reached the "natural fastness of Cetinje," a city of three thousand souls, presided over by a simple-mannered king, who lives in a cottage with a façade of brown limestone, and a double flight of stone steps with a plain iron railing. "There are no sentries. A single Montenegrin, indistinguishable from his countrymen, is in easy waiting on the top of the steps." "What wondrous specimens of manhood greet you in these Cetinje streets!" Colonel Barry observes. "Where is there to be found a population of such giants, with such attractive features, such frank, fearless and withal gentle eyes, such high-bred courtesy, such grace of *portamento*, such suavity of approach? It makes one proud of human nature to see the fullness of its majesty, so nobly clad, moving about this mountain top in unspoiled simplicity. There is not a look in any face around you that is groveling or marred by the shuffling meanness of what is known as civilization. The children in their rags who toss a nosegay into your carriage are the children of the free; they are not beggars. Life in Montenegro is a paltry bauble, only worth a trigger's touch, unless it can be sustained with the purest air of liberty and the proud consciousness of self-respect." He describes the beautiful costumes of the place, and refers to the habit which all the men have of going well and visibly armed. "There are forty thousand fighting men in this little civilization of a quarter of a million people, but in these impregnable mountains the women are nearly as useful and quite as brave as the men." "It does not come upon you with surprise to be informed that Montenegrin morality is high. One can well believe that it is the highest in the world." Colonel Barry gives a succinct account of the political condition of Montenegro and its important diplomatic responsibilities. "She is a buffer state between Turkish Albania and the Austrian provinces of occupation. She is a bulwark of peace, and so gives good value for the subsidies she receives for her internal development." As to its opportunities: "Cetinje stands in a miserably poor country—I saw only a few sheep and four cows during my seven hours' drive. In the one expressive word that means so much in Eastern Europe, it is all 'Karst'—

that is, bleak, barren rock. Little grows here but potatoes, maize, cabbage, in the scanty beds of soil lying in the small pits between the rocks. In the eastern portion, however, there are forests, and rich Italian fertility in the south. Here grapes, nuts, figs, mulberries, olives and oranges and dates luxuriate in the open. The tobacco of Montenegro is renowned." The chapter concludes with a brief but graphic description of the coast. "Nature, in some gigantic mood of tempestuous wrath, whipped these mountains into responsive fury till they became a sea of towering billows, and in that position ordered them to keep still. This tumbling swelter of rock on rock, this hurricane of the primeval hills, this typhoon in petrification, is set in a frame of absolute solitude, made additionally thrilling by the unbroken gloom of the graphite grays. No speck of verdure, no note of bird or hum of cricket, no presence of any living creature comes forth among the crags to redeem the completeness of this stony desolation."

IT will soon be time for college presidents to declare their policy in the matter of football. Which will be the first to pronounce against it? Let no easy moralizer suppose that the decision will be casually made. Destructive as football has been to life, limb and scholarship, it remains one of the chief baits of the colleges. The athletic young man wishes to go where his abilities will be utilized, and where he will enjoy the society of men with tastes and activities similar to his own. Other young men wish to go to universities where "there is something doing." They like the excitement and the contest of the game. They want, in short, something to yell for—and there is nothing that offers such unrivaled opportunities for yelling as football. It is not the learning of the faculty or the policy of the institution so much as it is undergraduate society and excitements that tempt the average American when he makes his choice of a college. The college president knows this. And so human is he that he himself enjoys presiding over a college that finds honors easy in the athletic field. He likes the zest of the game—likes, even, to be disturbed at midnight by a mob of yelping maniacs, who surround his respectable mansion and yell "Prexy, Prexy!" till he



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MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

Whose French bull dogs have been prize-winners at New York, Boston and other bench shows

comes out to congratulate them on their day's victory. College presidents look as if they were grown up, but they aren't. No one worth anything is grown up. And the real reason that the public hangs on to football the way it does, in spite of the fearful tragedies associated with it, is because, for the moment, every mother's son, on the grandstand or bleachers, feels the heart of youth leaping in him as he watches, breathless, the hotly contested game.

PROFESSOR Joseph Jastrow, in his valuable new work, "The Subconscious," makes one observation which all persons of keen creative thought will be inclined to supplement. He says: "Of consciously directed work we find illustrations in all that type of orderly thought that requires our best endeavors and our most undisturbed attention; design, invention, composition, reflection, coördination, interpretation, deduction,—these and related operations in the

field of original intellectual research and construction represent the functions of the highest type of brain processes, and but rarely proceed to a profitable issue without a decided conscious intent, without the most developed form of deliberate awareness." It is apparent from Professor Jastrow's use of the words "but rarely" that he is aware of the swift subconscious labor of the brain of genius; but even the man of talent might submit that his constructive mental processes are to a great extent subconscious. A friend, let us say, suggests to a writer of fiction the outline of a story. The writer listens, perhaps without enthusiasm, and having in no sense made the idea his own, puts it in the back of his brain, so to speak. Suddenly, the next morning, or a month, or a year after, the story, glowing and transformed, made a part of his finest consciousness, presents itself to his recollection. The metal has been minted in his own brain. It appears perfected in all its parts. It is an imperative need of the writer, then, to get it on paper—to set it before the objective part of him; so to speak, where it may be enjoyed by his higher and more critical self. Or it may be that the perfected idea has not been presented by a friend at all. A chance phrase, read or heard, a strain of music, the vision of a valley between hills, will be sufficient stimulus to set a train of visions in order, which will resolve themselves into tales. Characters rise up, clothed, featured, invested with a definite—nay, an inextinguishable personality—from the very earth around one. The circumstances of their life are as clear to the story teller as are the incidents of his own existence. He walks with these incorporeal ones, who have to him an enchanting reality. Dimly, as if behind a screen, he sees the actual persons of his material world; talks with them as in a dream; serves them from habit. Characters of the brain which have this insistence will, if the writer has industry, make themselves into a convincing mimic world—into a novel. In the matter of the short story, the impression is often so impelling that the tale is written at one sitting—with an unbroken sweep of the pen, as it were. Writers are rather shy about confessing to what the layman terms "inspiration," and they are reluctant to bear witness to such facts as these. They leave evidences of subconscious

labor to such masters as Balzac or Coleridge. But the writer believes such experiences to be common. A story is as a gift from the under-creatures of one's own mysterious being; from the subconscious, as Professor Jastrow would say. As to what governs the subconscious, or what power impels it to keep about its silent work, making it generous with swift and lovely impulses, providing it with creative visions, that is a question that even Professor Jastrow would not attempt to answer. To be grateful and humble, and worthy the acceptance of these fine gifts is all that any of us can do.

IT has been suggested by Harry Stillwell Edwards, the Georgian story-teller, that the mocking-bird be renamed the lanier-bird, in honor of Sidney Lanier. It would be difficult to imagine a more delicate and exquisite compliment, or one which would more have delighted Lanier's music-loving soul. The melody of spoken or written words was with him at best but a substitute for what he always esteemed the most delight-giving of the arts—music. He lived in sweet sounds, it is said. Asger Hamerik, his director for six years in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore, wrote: "To him as a child in his cradle music was given; the heavenly gift to feel and express himself in tones. His human nature was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute, or the lyre of Apollo, needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world. It was indeed irresistible that he should turn with those poetical feelings which transcend language to the penetrating gentleness of the flute or the infinite passion of the violin; for there was an agreement, a spiritual correspondence between his nature and theirs, so that they mutually absorbed and expressed each other. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry; they were not only pure and true, but poetic, allegoric as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights that the earthly ear never hears and the earthly eye never sees. No doubt his firm faith in these lofty idealities gave him the power to present them to our imaginations, and thus by the



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MARK TWAIN

Mr. Clemens in his New York home, where nearly all of his writing is done in bed

aid of the higher language of music to inspire others with that sense of beauty in which he constantly dwelt."

If Lanier had a wood-bird's zest for music, he had the man's soul-comprehension of it, nor has he anywhere in his poetry expressed himself with a more enchanting felicity than when he writes of the mocking-bird, and the meaning that lies back of its song. Witness the last stanza of his song, "To Our Mocking-Bird:"

"Nay, Bird; my grief gainsays the Lord's best right.

The Lord was fain, at some late festal time,
That Keats should set all Heaven's woods in rhyme,

And thou in bird-notes. Lo, this tearful night,

Methinks I see thee, fresh from death's despite,

Perched in a palm-grove, wild with pantomime,

O'er blissful companies couched in shady thyme,

—Methinks I hear thy silver whistlings bright

Mix with the mighty discourse of the wise,
Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,

'Midst of much talk, uplift their smiling eyes,

And mark the music of thy wood-conceits,
And half-way pause on some large, courteous word,

And call thee 'Brother,' O thou heavenly Bird!"

The "mocking-bird" is truly an inadequate term for that singer of infinite variety, and so liquescent a name as the "lanier bird" will better suit our most melodious brother of the Southern solitudes.

ONE of the incidental touches which Mrs. Ward gives to her latest novel, "Fenwick's Career," is the effect of life in the New World upon the character of an English girl. Canada is the young, the "tiptoe world," to which *Carrie Fenwick* is carried by her sorrowful mother, and when the girl returns to England she finds it lacking in capability. No one, it appears to her, knows how to meet every-day exigencies with practical sense. *Carrie* has no feeling of servi-

tude when she keeps a house in order, sweeps, dusts, carpenters, renovates, paints, cooks, gardens, sews. She can not understand why the carrying out of each department of work is left to a specialist. "There are no tools in the house," she complains. "In Canada every one has tools." Through all her labors, which struck her English neighbors as being distinctly strenuous and utterly astonishing, "she kept a natural daintiness and refinement, was never clumsy or loud or untidy. She came and went so lightly—and always bringing with her the impression of something hidden and fragrant, a happiness within, that gave a dancing grace and perfume to all her life. To her father she chattered mostly of Canada, and he would sit in the shade of the cottage, listening to her while she described their life—the big rambling farm, the children she had been brought up with, the great lake with its ice and its storms, the apple orchards, the sleighing in winter, the beauty of the fall, the splendor of the summers, the boom that was beginning." Mrs. Ward gives an impression of all this seeming eminently foreign. The zest and *naïveté* of the girl makes her seem, among the arranged English, like a visitant from another sphere. The sketch is a light one, drawn subordinately, but it is of appealing charm.

THE London Playgoers' Club instituted, some time ago, a "playwrights' competition," but has been forced to abandon it. About two hundred and fifty plays were offered, it is true, but among them was not one which the readers dared recommend to a manager for production. All were irretrievably bad or totally unfit for production. The theater managers may draw the conclusion that they have known all along what they were talking about, that they have in their pockets the only men who can write plays, and that they understand the public and the contemporary product. But less interested persons will be likely to argue that the present-day policy of the stage has discouraged the playwrights. The men of fine literary taste have turned their attention to the writing of books. It will need a more liberal and dignified dramatic policy of years' duration before talented youth will turn its attention to playwriting and equip itself with the necessary knowledge.

NEW YORK has been grateful to the Honorable William McAdoo for serving as Police Commissioner of its precincts, and giving an illustration of what can be done in the way of controlling criminals and preventing crime; and the general public will now feel grateful for the volume which he has written, with a fine air of frankness, under the title "Guarding a Great City." Mr. McAdoo went to his task with reluctance, it appears—a reluctance which it will not be difficult to understand. He felt it, at the beginning, something of a condescension for him, who has been the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and a member of Congress, to "walk into such a muck-heap of scandal, corruption and conspiracy" as he imagined the police force to be. But once with the task on his hands, he entered into it with a zest and thoroughness that have made him an example to public officials. His book is a straightforward account of the situation as he found it, of the difficulties to be encountered in any great city by its official guardians, and is full of interesting information about crime, ordinary and extraordinary, and the way to control it. It is an exceedingly sensible book. The public may well read it and disabuse itself of some of its unwarranted suspicion against the police. Officials will do well to peruse it and reconstruct some of their ideals. Mr. McAdoo can do some pretty satirical writing, and his chapter on fake detectives and wandering Sherlock Holmeses is particularly good reading. He has humor, too, and gives an amusing account of his avoidance of newspaper reports of his acts and editorial comments on them.

"Before I left the police department," he writes, "I had trained myself so that I couldn't see a scare-head with type six inches long. A friend subscribed for and had sent to me a conservative and influential family newspaper, published in one of the oldest districts in this country, where I found the poet's corner, the household hints and social visits immensely instructive, and eked out my other reading by renewing acquaintance with those weekly compendiums that sum up the world's news in a sort of bookkeeping style, giving you the facts and letting you draw your own conclusions." It is evident that he considered the reading of the daily papers disturbing—perhaps even dangerous. "A public man of the widest reputation is

known personally to a comparatively few in a great city like New York," he observes. "The impression of him will be largely what is gathered from the newspapers. If he is the victim of continuous and what might be called artistic misrepresentation, he, of course, will be misunderstood and misjudged, and he must rely solely on the approbation of his own conscience and wait for the vindication of time. If he were to ask my advice I would tell him not to read the newspapers, or to read very little of them, and to confine himself to those positive statements which allege facts with regard to police conditions and make specific charges as to criminal occurrences or a prevalence of vice by collusion with the police. If he has not the capacity to discriminate between what is news and what is not news, what is essential and what is political and for effect, he had better delegate the reading of the newspapers to his subordinates."

This is excellent advice, but it seems to presuppose a residence on the calm heights of philosophy and impersonality, to which not many mortals—not to say anything about police commissions—can hope to attain.

SINCE May Sinclair's phenomenal book, "The Divine Fire," took England and America by storm—and America even more than England—a genuine curiosity has been felt concerning her previous work. Two or three novels had been written by her, the public was told, but until now none has been placed within reach. Now "The Tysons" is obtainable. It is the story of *Neville Tyson*, the son of a London tailor, who has been given a university education, and has made for himself something of a record as a wanderer and a fighting man in India, Africa and elsewhere. He is a man of brutal instincts, who rises to dignity only when he is fighting. He comes into an estate and marries *Molly Wilcox*, a beautiful and inexperienced country girl. The story is that of the war of natures of these two—the woman, who is utterly woman, without independent thought, yet of fine and tender instincts; the man with his brains and his inhumanity, his lack of self-restraint and his colossal selfishness. That masterly insight into the workings of the human mystery, that power of stripping hypocrisy, that caustic humor,

which made Miss Sinclair's greater book a revelation, are apparent in this volume also, though in lesser degree.

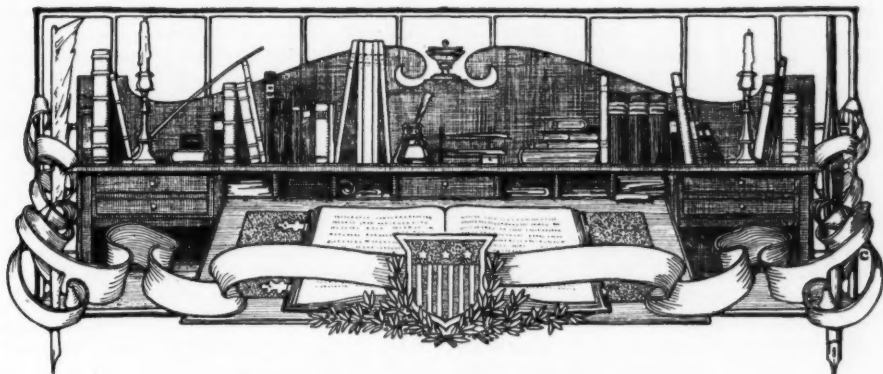
EVEN Homer and Judge Grant of Boston nod. The latter, in a very good short story, which appears in a recent volume, displays his ignorance of the methods and the functions of the Associated Press. One of the chief characters in the story is a man represented as working for the "A. P." The assignment on which he is detailed is that of reporting the double funeral of persons of some importance in a suburb of New York City. Now, as a matter of fact, the Associated Press does not cover such news items with its own reporters at all. It has but few reporters, even in New York City, and they would never be sent on an assignment of that sort. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the "A. P." gets its news from the proofs of the various newspapers with which it does business. Its original matter concerns such affairs as large conventions, legislative and congressional meetings, wars, and such calamities as the San Francisco disaster. In the case of the latter it furnished the only news that almost any publication had for over a week. Also, Judge Grant fell into the common error that so many writers make—having the reporter take notes, and take in a note-book. A first-class reporter, such as this man is represented as being, would never take notes on an assignment of this sort. At meetings where speaking is going on, or at an interview of importance, notes are taken, but seldom on ordinary occasions, and never in a note-book. As for the point of Judge Grant's story, it is a lesson in journalistic ethics and etiquette that should be heeded.

WHEN, in 1846, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris founded the *Home Journal* in little old New York, they may or may not have thought that the publication would issue unbrokenly to the present time. But then again, remembering Willis, especially, we may say that he at least might have thought it would last that long, if not forever. Its name was lost six years ago, and it is now called *Town and Country*, and it is under the editorship of William Frederick

Dix, the fourth editor, counting the two founders, it has had. It has just celebrated its sixtieth birthday, and with its new baptism and new dress it bids fair to live to twice its present age. In its early days, besides Morris and Willis, it had as contributors such men as Poe and James Parton, and later Howells, Aldrich and others.

AFTER the last Stadium event was recorded at the recent Olympian games, it was found that Americans had scored seventy-five points. Great Britain and all her possessions came second with thirty-nine points. The summary shows that Americans took eleven firsts, six seconds and five thirds in the individual track and field contests. There were thirty-nine events, not counting the swimming, in which the Americans did not compete. The Americans won four running races, the running long jump, the standing broad jump, the standing high jump, the free-style discus throwing, throwing the weight, and the long walking match. One swimming match was won by an American. A Canadian won the Marathon run, and was the hero of the day. The triumph of the American discus thrower, and the victory of the Canadian runner in events so distinctly Athenian, aroused deep pride in the breasts of all trans-Atlantic visitors—and enthusiasm which has met with a prolonged echo in Canada and the United States. "If there are better men than these at home," say the Greeks, "what a race the Americans must be!" The King of Greece bestowed the prizes, speaking words of gracious congratulation to each victor.

AMODISTE lecturing before a dressmakers' club told the members that the dressmaker must know more than any one else in the world, and she advised them to study art, music, literature and the drama. *Vive la culture!* We can not have too much of it. Hereafter, when madame goes to have a fitting, she will not only hear of chiffon, but also of Chaucer, of passementerie and Pater, of mousseline de soie and Mendelssohn, of shirring and Shaw, taffeta and Turner. But, horrors! what if the barber should add art, music, literature and the drama to his conversational repertoire!



THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe

NARRATIVE WRITING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. VIII

[Following the general plan of the present series of articles upon the various forms of English narrative writing, Professor Bates has contributed to *THE READER* the paper on the so-called "Psychological novel." Professor Bates, head of the department of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is one of the best known writers of fiction and criticism.—W. D. H.]

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

By Arlo Bates

"THE psychological novel" is one of those phrases not uncommon in art and elsewhere which seldom mean quite the same thing to any two persons and which are employed by no two writers in precisely the same sense. Twenty years ago every critic of fiction was likely to employ the expression, and to-day no general survey of the progress of literature in the century recently ended is expected to neglect it; yet its use calls for a definition of the sense in which in any given case it is to be taken. Certainly no one is justified in attempting to discuss the psychological novel until he has explained what he understands and means by that term.

Once a thing has been accurately defined, there is seldom need to say much more about it; and if a satisfactory meaning is attached to the phrase "psychological novel," the

whole subject, while perhaps not entirely disposed of, would be at least made comparatively simple. Certain characteristics come at once to mind in this connection. Not a few critics would at once hold that the essential nature of psychological fiction is a minute analysis of mental states; others would with equal confidence assert that such fiction deals chiefly with analysis of motive; while others still are not uninclined to the view that its aim is the pessimistic one of proving the weakness and unworthiness of human emotions. To insist upon the literal meaning of the phrase, it seems to me, is to ignore the fact that general use has tacitly fixed upon a restricted meaning, somewhat arbitrarily selected, it may be, but sufficiently definite.

Strictly speaking, the psychological novel, as the term seems to me to have been pretty

generally accepted, is fiction which deals with the dissection of mental processes rather than with their outward manifestation; and in practice to have become chiefly limited to mental analysis for the sake of enforcing a moral lesson. Since George Eliot has been commonly received as typical of the school, it might not be unjust to say that this didactic purpose has been generally regarded as the hall-mark of the psychological novel, which has thus become so closely merged with "the novel with a purpose" that no line could be sharply drawn between them. The summing up of George Eliot's method given in a sentence of Edmond Scherer might be regarded as characterizing the psychological novel as it came to be understood in the rather arbitrary use of the term: "Story, description, reflection, dialogue—all in her writings is ancillary to the painting of the secret movements of the mind, to the study of the human conscience."

Any phase of literature may by the careful student be traced far back of the point when it has become so marked as to have been named by criticism. Story-telling in its very infancy must now and then have included what went on in the thoughts of the persons concerned in the story, as when, in Grimm's folk tale of "The Fisherman and His Wife," it is said that "the woman, when she had become Pope, flung herself from one side to the other all the night, thinking always what more was left for her to be." As the art of narration became more complicated mental analysis increased. The soliloquies of the old-fashioned plays were clumsy attempts in the direction so earnestly followed by the modern novelist; and elaborate study of inner experiences by no means began in the nineteenth century. Even George Eliot is no more anxious over the details of the mental picture than is Richardson when he so minutely exploits the fluctuating reflections of Clarissa Harlowe over the epistles of Lovelace. The more robust genius of Fielding turned the fashion in fiction toward outward manifestations of character, but from time to time novels appeared to prove that the example of Richardson was not forgotten; or, to speak more exactly, that the tendency which had shown itself in his work had not exhausted itself. The greatest of English woman novelists, in

"Emma" and in "Pride and Prejudice," not to speak of her other stories, gives excellent analysis of trains of thought and of mental processes; and anticipates later work by the care with which she depicts struggles of conscience which, if not passionate, are consistent and determined. Charlotte Brontë, whom nature apparently meant to be greater than Miss Austen if untoward environment had not thwarted the purpose, shows the same power carried out with much more emotional stress. For none of these, however, was the term "psychological" urged. This term was reserved for a school of fiction which might with greater exactness have been designated "philosophical" or even as "scientific" fiction.

The tendency which results in any notable effect in literature or in any department of art is always wider than that particular manifestation. This is especially true in regard to fiction, since fiction is necessarily a picture of life, and even when its scenes are laid in a period remote from the days of the author is sure to be deeply tintured with the emotional color of the time in which it is written. The characteristic quality of a great novel is necessarily that of the age which produces it, and a quality which is manifest in all other strongly marked manifestations of the mental and intellectual life of the time. It may always be traced as a vital part of the general current of developing civilization. The most marked tendency of nineteenth century intellectuality was its impulse to seek for tangible fact; its strongest ethical trait was its endeavor to develop individuality. These two tendencies might, and indeed did, conflict, since from the first resulted that fiction which fondly styled itself "realistic," while to the second it would not be difficult to trace the "novel with a purpose," which deliberately aimed to enforce individual responsibility. The so-called "psychological novel," however, showed the combined influence of the two tendencies. Fact was sought above all else, but the evident and avowed intention was to be satisfied only with the fact which should go deep enough to determine the laws of moral conduct and to afford a basis for the ethical call upon the individual. George Eliot was really setting forth her own literary creed when she described the scientific

aim of Lydgate to pierce "the obscurities of those minute processes which prepare human misery and joy, those invisible thoroughfares which are the first lurking places of anguish, mania, and crime"; only that she dealt with mental instead of with physical dissection. She undoubtedly wished, consciously or unconsciously, to make fiction a branch of science, to bring it into harmony with that magnificent spirit of scientific investigation which distinguished the century. The method of mental analysis already existed, and she had only to elaborate it; to the idea of individual responsibility she could not but be, with her religious youth behind her, especially susceptible. The result was the fiction which endeavored at scientific minuteness in the reproduction of inner experiences, yet which was fundamentally didactic in its general aim.

In the most undisguised setting forth of thought George Eliot now and then may be said almost to have gone back to the spirit of the discarded soliloquies of the old playwrights, as in the following passage from "Daniel Deronda," in which *Gwendolen* is talking with *Grandcourt* at the archery meeting:

"And do you care about the turf? or is it among the things you have left off?"

(Pause, during which *Gwendolen* thought that a man of extremely calm, cold manners might be less disagreeable as a husband than other men, and not likely to interfere with his wife's preference.)

"You would perhaps like tiger-hunting or pig-sticking. I saw some of that for a season or two in the East. Everything here is poor stuff after that."

"You are fond of danger, then?"

(Pause, during which *Gwendolen* speculated on the probability that the men of coldest manners were the most adventurous, and felt the strength of her own insight, supposing the question had to be decided.)

This, in form, is not especially characteristic of George Eliot, and indeed is strikingly crude to come so late in her work; but in method it is fairly typical of what she tried constantly to do: to present with specific exactness what was passing in the minds of her characters.

It is not easy, even if we accept George Eliot as the exponent of the type of writer

to whom the term psychological novelist has been applied, to state briefly the exact characteristics of the school so as to satisfy all critics; but it is not difficult to fix upon those points which are most striking and which most clearly indicate the influences which led up to this phase of fiction. Not explicitly stated, but in practice steadily observed, was the assumption that scientific exposition of mental states must be definite and exhaustive. Suggestion came largely to be neglected as unscientific and as likely to be vague. It was associated, moreover, with conventionality, and it was recognized that nothing could be more ruinous to scientific precision than conventions. Where Fielding, or Scott, or Thackeray had been interested in action and character for their emotional effects, George Eliot and her followers were evidently concerned with events and temperament as illustrating or making clear the nature of mental processes. Obviously, the ground supposed to be taken in such fiction is that of the scientist or the philosopher, the attitude of observing and stating material facts. It tacitly assumes for fiction the same basis as that upon which rests scientific research: it presupposes that all matters within the province of art are not only tangible, but may be expressed in word.

It is manifestly impossible to arrive at any clear estimate of the worth and rank of any sort of fiction without some general agreement in regard to the nature and function of literature itself. If fiction is to be regarded as a fine art, it must be judged according to the principles which govern all æsthetic production. The fundamental assumption of any art is that it exists because it can produce effects not attainable by other means; that it expresses what can be conveyed in no other way. The novel, therefore, fulfils the conditions of art only in so far as it embodies facts or phases of human experience outside the realm of science, whether psychological or philosophic. It justifies its existence by reproducing mental states which can not be analyzed by science and are not to be stated in exact terms by philosophy. To speak more exactly, it communicates emotional states which, by psychology, can only be discussed. The object of science is to convey ideas; the object of art is to communicate emotion. A scientist

measures his success by the extent to which he convinces the reason; an artist by the response he elicits from the feelings. When science can put emotion into words, when it can transmit as well as classify all that humanity feels, the day and the office of art will manifestly be over. Such a triumph of scientific statement, however, is at present not apparently nearer than the attempt to convey by words a sense of color to a man born blind, and while art remains it must be judged by its power of inducing emotion rather than of analyzing it.

The limitation of the psychological novel, as represented by the school at the head of which stands George Eliot, is that it seems to aim at being first scientific and only secondarily artistic. It is first the fiction of didactic psychology, for didacticism was in every fiber of Miss Evans' character. Story and character-drawing were to her chiefly interesting and valuable, not so much as a means of sharing human emotion as of enforcing her philosophy of moral obligation, and to this purpose all other aims with which the novelist might deal were kept subordinate. Fortunately her imagination, and perhaps yet more often her sense of humor, ran away with her, so that her work became artistic in spite of her theories. In the main, however, she showed a constant intention to be an instructor, so to say, in moral anatomy, and to demonstrate by minute dissection the subject she taught. She worked upon the principle that fiction must exercise an ethical influence explicitly and directly, instead of by indirection, and she might have summed up her literary creed in the words of George Meredith when he declares:

The fiction which is the summary of actual life, the within and the without of us, is, prose or verse, plodding or soaring, philosophy's elect handmaid.—"Diana of the Crossways," I.

What she failed to perceive, and at a time when the glory of the scientific renaissance was so dazzling, failed naturally, was that while science and art are at one in aiming at truth, the function of science is as surely the perception and exposition of intellectual truth as is the aim of art to embody facts which are no less truth because they belong to the realm of the emotional.

The psychological novel, however, stands as an inevitable product of its time. It was because of this that it won so wide a response. No artist ever created a school in the sense of building it up from nothingness. He comes as the embodiment and exponent of causes already powerful, although not before fully manifest. The stress of thought in the mid-century was largely expended upon the effort to build up a philosophy of life upon a scientific basis. The religious foundations had been attacked and shaken, and instinctively the struggle turned toward the attempt to preserve the teachings of religion, but to justify them by the reasoning of science. By temperament, and perhaps even more, by training, Miss Evans was responsive to the movement, and by her unusual gifts naturally became its prophet in the realm of fiction.

She wrote, it must be remembered, in the very storm-center of the controversy between established creeds and modern innovations. Science, philosophy and religion were all involved in the conflict. The "Priory," which was her home with George Lewes, was frequented by men and women, among the most gifted of their time, whose interest and whose conversation were both concerned with scientific discoveries and modern philosophy. Her environment was such that it was all but inevitable that she should be more absorbed with the philosophical analysis of mental processes than with a desire to reproduce emotions.

If art were the product and the exposition of purely intellectual phenomena, the "psychological novel" might seem logically to take the highest place in fiction. Since, however, art demands deep emotional imagination and expression, objection must be made to a method which attempts to express the secrets of life in tangible form and to put all that the human heart feels into concrete exposition. Practically, although this is of course not the theory, writers of this school are apt to deal with emotions as if they were intellectual processes; they almost inevitably confound feeling with thought, the passions with the season. In the self-communings of *Maggie Tulliver* in the Red Deeps, for instance, the author, in her anxiety to express everything, is forced to ignore that world of human experience

which lies beyond the field of exact definition: that dim but potent force which, behind the formulated idea, directs and molds life. Even when she speaks of vague longings and emotions, she is apt to fill so completely the field of vision with specifications of *Maggie's* mental struggles, the conflicts in which conscious ideas are arrayed against conscious counter-ideas, that the reader has little attention left to bestow on the wordless emotion which behind all is the real motive power of action.

In stating the matter thus, I run the risk of arousing the opposition of the many who have been deeply moved by the mental conflicts of *Maggie*, and I must repeat that George Eliot is almost always better than the theories in virtue of which she has been styled a psychological novelist. In other words, she had genuine imagination, and even the influence of her environment could not completely overrun that. The greatest of modern English critics, Leslie Stephen, has happily and wisely summed up the matter in his life of Miss Evans:

"Novels should, I take it, be transfigured experience; they should be based upon the direct observation and the genuine emotions which it has inspired; when they are deliberately intended to be a symbolism of any general formula they become unreal as representative of fact, and unsatisfactory as philosophical exposition."

The influence of George Eliot was wide, and it is with us to this day. Both Mrs. Oliphant and Anthony Trollope were affected by her. Certain women novelists, as Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Mrs. Deland, show most markedly her effect; but the

school necessarily culminated with her because the conditions which produced it passed with the circle to which she belonged. I am limited in this article to authors not living, but I can not refrain from adding that while Henry James is as far as possible from being a literary descendant of George Eliot, and while he would no doubt be himself more inclined to claim to be the follower of Balzac, he is really a striking example of the result produced by the action upon a temperament radically different from hers of the same general tendencies. In his case the lust of mental analysis has obscured the purely didactic element; while in other writers of the last quarter of a century, of whom Tolstoi is the type, the moral side has been earnestly and even angrily allowed to override all else.

With the literal meaning of the phrase "psychological novel" as distinguished from the arbitrary one in which it has come to be used as designating the specified type of fiction, this brief paper has really nothing to do; and yet I can not end without urging that the force of the considerations I have ventured to state may best be understood by comparing with George Eliot the work of the great master of the truly psychological novel in America, Nathaniel Hawthorne. To set side by side the analysis of the mind of *Maggie* in the Red Deeps and that wonderful passage in "The Scarlet Letter" dealing with the return to the village of *Arthur Dimmesdale* after his interview in the woods with *Hester*, is to have at once a measure of the comparative value of different methods, and a means of estimating the character of "the psychological novel."



SCOTTY

WHEN me an' Scotty an' his Pa
 Wuz in the alley diggin' bait
 To go a-fishin', Scotty's ma
 'Ist comed to where's the garden gate
 An' say 'at he's a purty man
 To be a-layin' 'round the crick
 All day, when she's a-workin' an'
 A-slavin' till she's nearly sick.
 An' 'en when she is gone away,
 W'y Scotty's Pa 'ist yawn an' 'low
 He b'lieve he'll stay at home to-day
 'Cause it's too windy anyhow.

